★ JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 28, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1789

BIG MOVES IN THE BALKANS *by* A.G.G

AIR RAIDS! £200 INSURANCE POLICY FREE *FOR EVERY READER*

LOOK BEYOND THE GUNS! *by the* EDITOR

THIS WASHING-UP SEEMS NEVER ENDING! IT CAN'T BE WORTH THE TIME I'M SPENDING!
OXYDOL
IT'S CLEAR YOU'RE WASHING-UP ALL WRONG! WHY, OXYDOL TAKES HALF AS LONG!
MRS MUNDY

OXYDOL

Oxydol is on sale at all shops; 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

BUY THE GIANT SHILLING SIZE— IT'S THE BIGGEST MONEY-SAVER OF ALL.

It's true! Put Oxydol in your washing-up bowl and — hey presto! — you'll be through in just half the time! You see, after washing dishes with Oxydol you needn't bother to "dry" — just rinse the dishes under the tap and leave them to dry by themselves; you'll be *thrilled* at the way they gleam . . . not a sign of a smear anywhere! The rich double lather simply chases grease away! There's nothing extravagant about Oxydol, either! Oxydol actually goes so much farther that you get *twice* as much washing for your money. And you'll never have "housewife's hands" if you use Oxydol; its lather is so gentle . . . so safe. Buy a packet of Oxydol today and wash-up better than ever before in half the time!

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

What do I do...

if I live in the country and soldiers or airmen are quartered near me?

I remember that most of these men are far from their own homes. If I can, I offer some of them the hospitality of my house, on one or more days a week. I save all books, magazines and games for them. I make their time as interesting and as pleasant as possible. (I offer them baths if they want them). Anything I can do for them, in fact, is small return for all they are doing for me.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by The Brewers' Society

BACKACHE a symptom of Lazy Kidneys

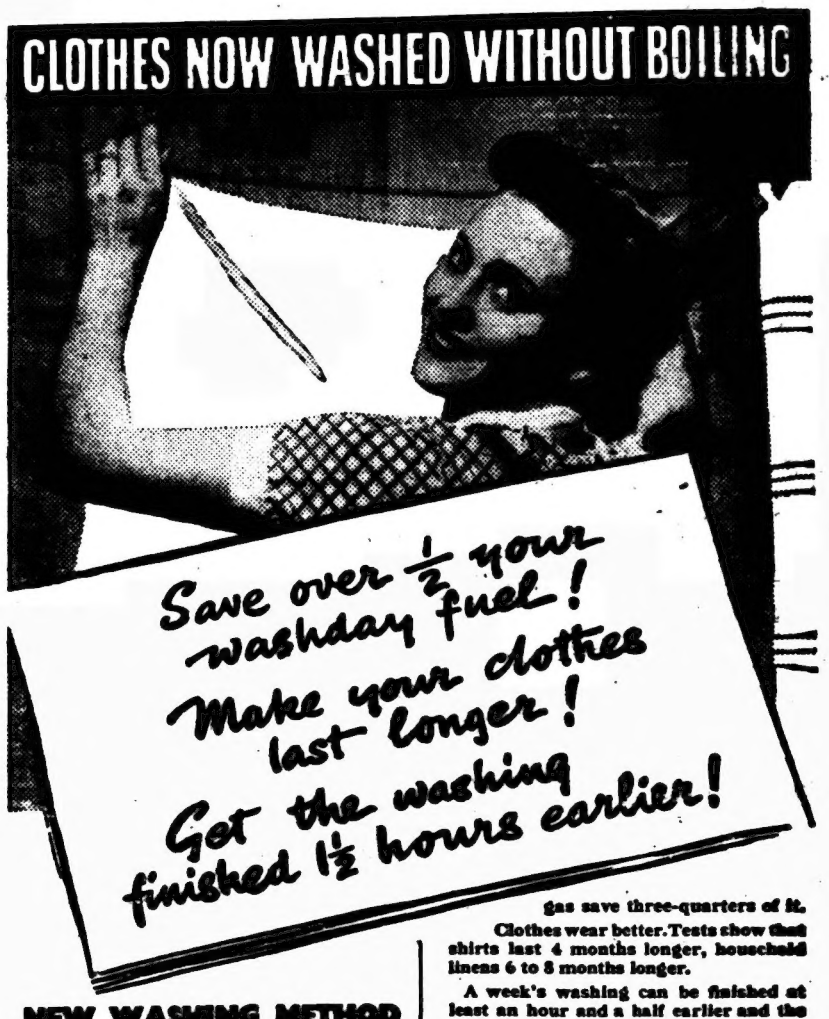
THERE IS NO NEED to suffer the torment that sluggish kidney action can cause. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills will make you fit. They wake up lazy kidneys, so that these vital organs filter excess uric acid and other harmful impurities from the blood. This is the surest way to end sharp or nagging backache, urinary or bladder troubles, stiff aching muscles and joints.

Take care of yourself! If a cold or chill or the present period of strain and worry has caused your kidneys to become congested, don't wait to be laid up with backache, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica, but take Doans Pills now. Then you will laugh at kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

CLOTHES NOW WASHED WITHOUT BOILING



NEW WASHING METHOD MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

A REVOLUTION has taken place in Britain — a quiet revolution, in the kitchens. Women have discovered there is no need to boil clothes.

They are saving their precious fuel, getting their washing done far earlier, AND making their clothes last longer!

The new method involves no boiling and no hard rubbing. The clothes are simply soaked for 15 or 20 minutes in Rinso suds that are slightly heated.

They find that this Rinso method has all the following advantages:—

They save over half the coal they used to burn on long boiling. Those who use gas save three-quarters of it.

Clothes wear better. Tests show that shirts last 4 months longer, household linens 6 to 8 months longer.

A week's washing can be finished at least an hour and a half earlier and the work is not tiring because there is no hard rubbing.

By saving fuel and making clothes last longer, you will not only be saving your own money. You will be making a real contribution to national economy.

Start next washday! You will find Rinso does the whole wash beautifully. It keeps woollens in the best condition, brings coloureds up bright and lovely. Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. or 1/- (Giant size).

War-Time Advice FREE

The makers of Rinso have set up an Advice Department to help women to economise during the war. All the experience of the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories is at your service. Write to The Director, Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 2987-172-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

MADE ONLY BY THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO LTD HACKNEY WICK · · · · · · LONDON, E.9

IS IT PATRIOTIC TO BUY A WIRELESS SET ?

IF your home is equipped with a good wireless set, then it is *un*patriotic to spend money on a new one. If your home is not equipped or is badly equipped, then it is patriotism and wisdom to go out and buy a good wireless set just as quickly as you can.

WE have said for many months that the home radio is vital wartime equipment.

WE are doing a great deal of what is called *direct* 'war work'; another part of our 'war work' is making wireless sets for civilians—and for men and women in the Services too. We should think it a bad day, not for us but for the nation's war effort, if the making of home wireless sets were stopped or reduced below the real needs of the 40 million men, women and children who get daily encouragement and strength from 'the wireless'.

E. J. POWER
Murphy Radio Ltd.

MURPHY

Munitions for the Home Front

C.B.C. 69

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 28, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

TOO MANY SILENT M.P.s

PARLIAMENT should lead the People. But nowadays it is the People who move far in advance of Parliament, and Westminster has become a depressed and depressing area.

"Keep working!" its spokesmen urge the toilers in our bombed cities. But Parliament contents itself by putting up its shutters for most of the week.

"Keep up your spirits!" it tells the nation.

Yet it keeps its own lips shut so that the public shall not be encouraged by heartening news and the facts by which we might measure the task before us.

Too Much Hush! Hush!

Far too many Secret Sessions: and far too few Sessions of any kind.

"It does not seem quite right that Parliament should go away for twenty-five days as if nothing was going on, and as if it had lost interest in matters which affect the whole future of this country."

Mr. Winston Churchill said that at the time of Munich.

Missing Leaders

We are living in more perilous times than the Munich Crisis. There is more need than ever before for Parliament to keep its fingers on the pulse of fast-moving events that "affect the whole future of this country."

Yet Parliament no sooner meets than it adjourns.

It has become an absentee in the life of the nation.

Critics foresee the danger that it may become an imitation Reichstag, meeting merely to rubber-stamp decisions already made.

Irking Sessions

Its Secret Sessions are irking and bewildering the public. Even the debate on the bombing of London, that affects not only the lives of the capital's eight million inhabitants, but also the vital interests of the whole country, was held in private.

American newspapers hint at tremendous events in progress. Details are known to Parliament and the newspapers.

If published they would hearten all our people and astonish the world. But Parliament insists on hush-hush reticence.

JOHN BULL appeals to Government and M.P.s to set a fine example to the undaunted nation they represent.

Let Parliament Go to It—and Stick at It.

Medals for Them!

Another cause of public dissatisfaction is the inadequate recognition of the bravery shown by our civil defenders.

Firemen, wardens and rescue squads are among the finest heroes of this war. They have paid a heavy toll for their courage.

Yet there seems a strange reluctance on the part of the Cabinet to award the decorations they have so richly earned.

No Honour Too High

There is no honour too high for men and women who have, every day and night, lit our blacked-out cities with the flame of heroism and devotion.

There is nothing the Government should begrudge them to aid their efforts.

Yet all too many wardens are without steel helmets and respirators. All too many recruits, volunteering for hazardous service without thought of payment, are told that if they want an A.R.P. overall they must pay for it from their own pockets!

That's No Excuse

Also, think of the nurses in our war hospitals.

No steel helmets for them as they rescue the victims of Nazi barbarity.

Shortage of steel cannot be the excuse. For even though British foundries are working full time, steel from the United States can be used to supply the vital need.

Civilian heroes need such protection as much as soldiers need guns.

Sir John's Dilemma

Transport Minister Sir John Reith has a far bigger problem:

How to shorten those queues at every bus stop after a rush-hour air raid.

Official advice that workers should get one day's leisure in every four is designed to relieve this congestion.

But even if this system is generally adopted (and that's unlikely), the congestion will grow worse when winter evenings bring earlier and still longer raids.

AIR RAIDS · BOMBARDMENT · INVASION

£200 INSURANCE POLICY* FREE FOR EVERY READER

* UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S

See page 9

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Anti-aircraft gunners have brought down more than 200 Nazi machines. And the number grows every day!

● **Smoke screens laid by Messerschmitts to cover the approach of bombers have proved a failure.**

● New British tank combines high speed with maximum amount of armour. Its guns can pierce any type of Nazi tank.

● *Shock for Mussolini. Italian armistice commission's efforts to disarm Syria and prepare a flank attack on Egypt, then a drive for Iraq's oil, are being slowed up by increasing support for de Gaulle.*

● Egyptians are not worried about Italian move over their waterless desert. By the time Graziani reaches main Anglo-Egyptian defences it will take sixty Italians to provide one Fascist soldier with water and food supplies, etc.

● **French Air Force in Morocco is attacking the Italians. This latest example of support for General de Gaulle will be followed by sensational developments.**

● Arrival of six French warships at Dakar needn't bother us. They were allowed through by the British Navy because they cannot now be seized by the enemy; nor are there adequate French docks to maintain and repair them except at Casablanca.

● *Pétain's chained Government cannot last much longer, according to reports from Paris, because of the impossible financial demands made upon it by Hitler.*

● Death penalty is now enforced for smuggling letters from occupied France—in an effort to hide the R.A.F.'s onslaught against invasion bases.

● **United States aircraft are now arriving in Britain in large numbers. JOHN BULL won't mention actual figures, just in case Himmler's agents don't know them.**

● Russia is turning over all large factories to war manufacture and is stopping all oil supplies to Germany. New strategic roads are being built on the western frontier; German ambassador's request for an explanation was refused.

Plans Now, Please

Unless plans are devised now, accidents will increase. So will sickness due to the strain of long waits to board overcrowded vehicles, followed by sleepless nights and the noise of the barrage.

It mustn't all be left to the hard-pressed and dislocated public transport services.

Big employers can help by staggering hours of work, and by starting their own coach services to get their staffs home.

Public morale will help to win this war.

And it will be kept at its present magnificent level if unnecessary hardship is not added to the inevitable strains of war.

How We'll Win It

We may have to endure hard times during the winter. But Hitler will have lost.

Rumania's Iron Guard régime may give him oil. But not enough—and his factories cannot give him enough aircraft to offset the air supremacy now assured to us.

Then will come Britain's turn to wage the offensive on a great scale. The Prime Minister's confidence in its results rests on solid grounds, although details may not be revealed at this stage.

Meantime, British civilians are in the front line of the most ruthless attack in history. They alone can lose the war.

And they won't!

(Continued overleaf.)

London's New Secret Weapon Makes Nazi Raiders Fly Low: Service Chiefs Preparing Nasty Surprise for Dorniers: Housewives Suffer Because Shop Assistants Dash for Shelter: Soldier Refused Permission to See Bombed Wife: Officer Gave the Plans Away!

LONDONERS are right in thinking that Nazi night raiders are flying lower.

New "secret weapon" ensures that the bombers must either keep high enough to make accurate bombing impossible or at a convenient height above the balloon barrage for our gunners.

But even this isn't good enough. So another new device is coming.

Forging New Weapon

Beaten in every daylight combat, Nazi bombers are no longer a *military* menace to us except by night. During the hours of darkness Britain's most intense barrage cannot completely cope with them.

Meantime, Whitehall experts are preparing an anti-aircraft surprise that will counter Nazi night raiders as effectively as Q-boats beat U-boats long ago.

Ceaseless experiments are being made with a deadly weapon. Results are encouraging.

When these experiments are finished, the *Luftwaffe* will fly one night into such a "thunderstorm" as it has never previously known.

Confident Chiefs

Senior officers of all fighting Services are full of confidence in Britain's ability to withstand enemy air attack by night as well as day

They mustn't talk, but they are hinting that our Intelligence Department is just as much underrated now as it was in the last war.

It has up-to-the-minute information of every technical advance in Germany's weapons of war.

Adding to Troubles

Arrangements for tending the air raid homeless show some improvement, but Ministry of Health must chivy local officials.

One penniless evacuated London family was told to apply to the Public Assistance Committee office for a money grant. The siren sounded when they were at the office, and they were instructed to take cover.

Returning at the "All Clear," they found the office shut for the day.

They had to wait until next day for money to buy the barest necessities.

Why Shut Shops!

Food queues have reappeared, not because there is any food shortage, but because most shops shut during a raid alarm.

Bad enough for ordinary housewives. Far worse for munition workers, who do not have a chance to shop during the few quiet periods of the day.

If factories and offices continue business (unless there is immediate danger), so should shops.

A Sensible Idea

JOHN BULL's dislike of charity-for-raid-victims extends to Spitfire funds. Arms should be provided by the State, not by the pence of the charitable.

Councillor Glover, of Fareham, is going ahead with his more sensible alternative, a fund to buy Defence Bonds.

The interest will provide "comforts" for an "adopted" squadron or Army unit.

Bonds will be sold after the war to build cottages for disabled men.

Other councillors, please note.

Inhuman Brass-hats

Last word on the raids shall be an appeal to Army authorities.

A soldier, told that his house had been bombed to ruins and without news of his wife, was refused "compassionate leave."

Imperative though it is for troops to remain on duty during the present emergency, exceptions could surely be made in instances where a man's home has been destroyed.

Listen to This One!

Story, vouched for by a reader, should interest, perhaps horrify, Mr. Anthony Eden.

An artisan was called to a military fort on the coast for certain work. Beginning to take measurements, he was interrupted by the officer commanding:—

"*You needn't bother to do that—you can take the plan.*"

Handed the complete plan of the works, marked "Secret," he put it in his pocket and returned it next day.

Perhaps it's an anti-climax to mention that he was not even asked to produce his identity card.

Greedy Officers

It isn't difficult for a few commanding officers to give the whole Army a bad name.

A regiment stationed in the grounds of a famous mansion has such poor provision for baths that the men count themselves lucky if they get one a month.

Yet the officers have dozens of bathrooms in the mansion at their disposal.

Canteen Scandals

N.A.A.F.I. is still in disfavour. Despite all the whitewashing by Government spokesmen, an enquiry into Army canteen arrangements is obviously overdue.

Canadian Ex-Servicemen's Association tells us that a party of Canadians stationed in a remote part of the country wished to have their own canteen.

They were refused.

N.A.A.F.I. opened a branch, charging the usual high prices.

Ask Any Soldier!

Another example: A Derbyshire church opened a canteen for local R.A.S.C. units. Two months later, N.A.A.F.I. opened a canteen.

Although the church canteen sells cheaper refreshments, has a more cheerful atmosphere and is more conveniently situated, the Food Controller has stopped its supplies of butter and margarine, refuses adequate supplies of tea and sugar.

This won't do.

N.A.A.F.I. has been pampered too long on the excuse that its profits are returned to Army charities. Ask any soldier what he thinks of the N.A.A.F.I. services!

Work This Out

Reorganisation of the W.A.A.F.s promises to be drastic.

It needs to be.

A girl with five years' experience as a tailoress was told on enlistment that she must train for five weeks as a cook. Yet a trained cook who wants to enlist has been vainly waiting for three weeks for a reply to her application.

The B.B.C. Sleeps On

Apparently the B.B.C. does not know against whom we are fighting.

An Italian journalist, representing Italian newspapers, naturally left Britain when Italy entered the war last June.

But the B.B.C. still optimistically continues to send to his London address a circular of overseas programmes.

If You've Suspicions

After such light relief, we return to serious topics with an expression of thanks to our readers who inform us of gaps in Britain's war effort.

One letter received to-day tells us of an aircraft works where five power presses, ranging from twenty to sixty tons, are standing idle for most of the time, and where the foreman tells his men to take a walk to eke out their time.

That letter is going to Lord Beaverbrook.

He'll know how to put things right.

But that goes also for all our Ministers.

The Grocer's Idea

Similarly, a reader suggests a way in which thousands of tons of waste paper can be converted to the national effort.

A grocer, he proposes that receipted bills should no longer be kept for six or seven years, but for only the current year. A simple change in the law would make this possible.

We are passing on this tip to Mr. Morrison.

Daren't Say a Word

In this respect you see the greatest difference between the dictator States and democratic Britain.

Germans daren't criticise, even to improve their war effort. You can.

JOHN BULL would not survive a day in any dictatorial regime. But its public criticisms, its private information, are welcomed by the Ministers of a country that, despite war conditions, remains a democracy.

Can't Win Alone

Mr. Churchill knows that he cannot win the war alone. Cabinet and Parliament would be ineffectual without your support.

You can give your country support not only by withstanding the onslaughts of enemy bombers, but also by obeying black-out and other imperative regulations.

You can make your voice heard in the highest councils of the land if you find a defect to expose, a suggestion to make. Thereby you'll help to shorten the war.

If you find a grumbler, remind him of this true incident in a London street.

The German Knew

A woman was complaining loudly of the shortage of eggs. An elderly man, whose guttural accents betrayed him as a German refugee, overheard and shouted at her, "Do you vant Hitler come here?"

"No," admitted the startled grouser.

"Then shut up!" roared the German.

But don't shut up if you've something worth while to say.

Beyond the Guns

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

IT may seem premature to talk now of the tasks that await us after victory has been won, but the fact remains that these tasks must be faced and plans prepared for their fulfilment.

We cannot afford to wait until the thunders of war have ceased and its lunatic destruction is at an end.

We must be ready to start rebuilding our shattered world at once—to a better pattern and a nobler design.

JOHN BULL has consistently urged the Government to plan in advance for the coming peace, and we welcome its recent decision—as we believe—to set up a committee of experts for this purpose.

A member of the War Cabinet, or else some senior Minister without Portfolio, will, we understand, preside over the new committee.

We trust that the sole qualifications for membership will be outstanding ability and unselfish zeal.

JOHN BULL will scrutinise each appointment from this point of view, for the architects of the new Britain must not be prejudiced by Party politics nor influenced by any vested interest.

Party politics, as we have known them, may not survive this war. Vested interests will certainly be shorn of their former power.

All sorts of people are saying sorrowfully: "Things will never be the same again!" They are mourning the Old Order which has passed for ever away.

We do not mourn; we rejoice. We do not lament; we live in strong and confident hope. We believe that the New Order will be better than the Old, and we are glad that many things "will never be the same again."

But, if this Government, or any other, imagines that the people of Britain will pass its "architects' plans" on sight, it imagines a vain thing.

For that is the final virtue of democracy—the people pays the piper, but it also calls the tune.

And this time we shall not be satisfied with vague promises of "homes fit for heroes to live in." We shall insist on having them built to our approval.

To give the Government its due, it has offered us no bribes, nor made us any promises yet, save one.

That one promise—the restoration of all the liberties and rights which we have voluntarily surrendered for the duration of the war—will have to be redeemed in full.

It is the only promise which the Nazis will never make to the people of Germany.

ALREADY Dr. Ley has sought to hearten the German public by telling them of the ease and luxury which will be theirs "after they have beaten Britain."

Shorter hours and larger wages, sports palaces, holiday camps, joy cruises and "free" spending money; form the carrot which he dangles in front of the nose of this dumb donkey.

But, even if all these things were attainable, the Germans would still be slaves.

They would still have to do what they were told; read only what was given them to read; and talk in whispers, if they should dare to speak their minds.

Though we were offered the world in fee, who among our own people would sell his freedom for this pampered and craven servitude?

No; we do not expect "the earth." We do not wish to live on the fruits of other men's labour. But we do intend to build a "Greater Britain" by our own exertions.

Actual rebuilding will have to be carried out on an immense scale if it is to meet the needs of the post-war public.

We understand that the Government's "committee of experts" will be given wide terms of reference to include all the major problems of social and economic policy.

But the provision of new and better homes for the workers and the soldiers returning to work must be given priority.

Specialists already have in mind something far more ambitious than the reconstruction of demolished property. They aim at a considerable redistribution of the population.

WHATEVER plans they finally put forward will have to include the clearance of all the slums that are left standing.

They will probably have to provide for the building of several entirely new towns upon sites specially chosen for their natural amenities and convenience of distribution.

Furthermore, thousands of comfortable, modern and easily worked homes will have to be built for a greatly increased "land army."

JOHN BULL has always befriended the farm labourer, and urged his right to better pay and to a higher standard of living.

Since the war, however, everybody has come to realise that we can no more afford idle lands than idle hands.

We have put, or are now putting, some four million barren acres back into cultivation, and JOHN BULL confidently predicts that this acreage will continue to be tilled after the war by thousands of land workers, better paid and better housed than ever before in the history of British farming.

All this programme of reconstruction and rebuilding will have to be regarded as no more than a part of a general and indispensable scheme to provide work for every willing post-war worker.

Long before the war JOHN BULL was urging upon the Government the need for the bold undertaking of immense public works—land reclamation, drainage, road construction, sewage and water schemes, and so on.

We held then that nearly all these schemes could pay handsomely for themselves. After the war we are certain that they will not only pay, but that they will be essential to the re-absorption of labour.

And we know that the post-war public will not tolerate the renewed spectacle of gallant ex-Servicemen thrown upon the labour scrap-heap to subsist as best they may upon private charity or public assistance.

"Never," said Mr. Churchill, some little time ago, "have so many owed so much to so few."

And never, believe us, have the many been so determined to discharge their obligations to the few.

Other objectives, far beyond the "front line" of Britain's post-war policy, need to be considered at once if we hope to rebuild Britain quickly and splendidly in the golden days beyond the guns.

JOHN BULL looks forward—and its readers must look forward, too—to a new system of education, granting all classes an equal opportunity of public school and university education.

We expect and anticipate a huge extension of State Control as applied to vital industries. We do not believe that either transport or banking can be left completely in private hands.

We look to a nationalisation of the railways and the mines, and perhaps some form of national control of all supplies.

And we count absolutely upon the complete nationalisation of the whole armaments industry both at home and abroad. We will have no more private "merchants of death."

THIS summary of the more pressing post-war problems which we shall have to face—and which need to be studied and solved now while the bombs are still falling—is nothing more than a summary.

JOHN BULL does not predict any Party dominance in the preparation of the victory architects' designs. We only assert that there is no time to be lost, and that, being confident of victory, Great Britain must make its own peace plans now.

H. G. Wells has apprehended the necessity for these peace preparations made in the heat of battle. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, announcing the formation of the "1940 Council" for the planning of "Social Environment," echoes the same idea.

How runs our time-honoured Burial Service: "In the midst of life we are in death"?

Aye, but in the midst of death our beloved country is utterly in life.

Let us therefore plan—and plan at once—for the nobler and the larger life which can be ours after the curse of "Hitlerism" has been lifted from the world.

Let us begin now to build the new Britain, while the enemy's bombs are still falling upon the old.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

That Magic Switch

EVEN though the evidence of our senses is notoriously erratic, we have always believed in what we could see and hear and touch.

Yet people still find it almost impossible to believe that they are in possession of anything that they cannot see. The Power of the Mind leaves them sceptical.

Any doctor will confirm that mind is master of the body. It is now a settled principle of science.

Once, when Sir Isaac Newton was giving a dinner, he left the table to get some more wine. On his way from the cellar he became lost in reflection on some philosophic problem, forgot his errand and his company, and was soon hard at work in his study.

That is an amusing instance of the power of the mind. Its applications are infinite.

We have within us an inexhaustible source of strength. And we can switch on that power at will. We don't have to wait for anything.

We can drench ourselves in waves of fear; or in waves of confidence. We can turn the current of our thoughts towards pleasant or unpleasant things. We can spend idle moments creating mental pictures of peace; or we can distress ourselves with an attitude of turmoil and irresolution and disaster.

Many refuse to believe this. They won't even try it. They spend hours of misery because they refuse to believe that to change that misery into calmness is as easy as changing darkness into light by pressing a switch.

If you are an unbeliever, give this "impossible" idea a trial.

Your success will be the measure of your astonishment!

No. 3: BRITAIN IN BATTLEDRESS

They Want to be Heroes

By MAURICE FAGENCE

"If the full weight of Goering's hate were to fall on the Northern counties, these people would refuse to change places with anybody, arguing that in a great testing time a man should look after his own."

"HOSTILE AIRCRAFT AGAIN VISITED NORTH-EAST ENGLAND YESTERDAY.

"BOMBS WERE DROPPED ON A NORTH-WEST TOWN."

GENERALLY that's the only news you'll get, at the moment, about the air attacks on Britain's great industrial North.

You'll find it right at the end of the official air raid communiqués—a sort of also-ran mention.

Not that the raids are without severity.

These hard-headed Northerners who knew so much suffering in the great depression are doomed to suffer in silence again because London's terrific air raid ordeal has driven the rest of the country out of the news for the moment.

Bulletins from the South have an effect on these people which would surprise Hitler, who fancies it is so easy to make Britain panic.

A.R.P services up here have made official approaches to be allowed to exchange jobs with London's A.R.P. for a time.

They say they would welcome the experience. They are getting experience enough. **I fancy they want the ordeal, too.**

Bank clerks of one of the Big Five banks have asked headquarters whether they could work a few weeks in London, allowing London colleagues to do their jobs for a time.

Some of the wives asked if the exchange could affect them, too.

The spirit of the historic 29th Division, one hundred per cent. North Country recruited, and regarded by many competent military authorities as the most glorious division of the last war, lives on in every man and woman of the North.

I felt, as I moved among them, that if the position were reversed, if the full weight of Goering's hate were to fall on the Northern counties, these same people would refuse to change places with anybody, arguing that in a great testing time a man should look after his own.

It was midnight when I arrived among them.

My train had crawled the last fifty miles at fifteen miles an hour—the speed at which it is difficult for it to be machine-gunned from the air. That meant an air raid was in progress.

The all clear went five minutes before my journey ended—the sirens warbling again before I had left the station precincts.

Trams stood in the dark streets, unable to move because the current was off. Snores from inside each one told what drivers and conductors thought of "Jerry."

Buses went on with the job of completing their last journeys, however far those last journeys should take them.

SOUNDS of bombing came from two miles away—sounds of singing from much nearer.

I traced the music down to a red-brick surface shelter, wherein young wives and babies and a few pack-mule husbands, who had carried along the pillows and rugs, were being entertained by seven members of a London touring show.

In ten minutes those pack-mule husbands had thawed sufficiently to join in the singing.

My last memory of that strange company was of the husbands crooning "Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one, S-L-E-E-P," to the blondest actress in the show, their wives showing no surprise that their men still had a way with women.

Then the All-Clear once more—and I found hotels ready to open their doors to me again.

Many of these places, I find, mistrust the stranger who arrives early in the morning while a raid is in progress—rightly, perhaps.

And as soon as my head touched the pillow—the sirens again!

Somewhere on the river at that moment high drama was being enacted, as we were to know at three o'clock in the morning.

At that hour three young men arrived, drenched to the skin, rivulets from their clothing making pools on the stairs and in the hall.

Such shame-faced men I never saw in my life.

Four bombs had dropped alongside their tanker, moored in mid-stream. The roll of the ship threw them into the water. A.R.P. workers who rushed to them rowed them ashore—turned deaf ears to their pleas to be put on their ship.

Then they set out on a general knocking-up of the town to find beds for them.

WHAT will the old man say?" these three young men kept repeating. "He won't half be annoyed when he finds us missing."

To which one added: "Well, he won't think these two funked it, anyhow. Torpedoed twice, him—and three times Bill there!"

That picture is typical of the nights described by official bulletins that say German machines "again visited the North. Some bombs were dropped."

If you want high-spots, I was able to collect them in plenty in towns and villages stretching from one coast to the other.

A little mite whose home had been razed to the ground turned up at school next morning and said, "Look, teacher. And my boots clean, too."

Workers in a factory employing 1,200 people on war-work told me proudly in their canteen: **"We've only spent twelve hours underground in a month of raids; we wish you could find out whether it is a record."**

"Women, too?" I asked.

"You can't drag them away from the benches," I was told.

"You don't get our pilots refusing to go up because the sky's dangerous," argued a little "blondie" of twenty.

A stick of bombs straddled a street of cottages, choking the grates with soot.

"Doing the poor sweep out of a job," joked the residents.

Three times a German day-raider machine-gunned a passenger train. Yet the two hundred passengers who dismounted at the terminus were as cool as if they had been on a day-trip to the seaside.

Forty men approached the driver, wanted to collect for him and his fireman.

"Go on with you," that driver replied. Buy us a Spitfire each and we'll put up a better show for you."

So they just said: "Thanks, mate"—a tribute that can mean more than gold watches in the North.

Three hundred children in a sanatorium that was hit had their beds covered with debris.

"Their first fright over, they seemed pleased that they had seen something that town children had seen," said a nurse. "Such children hate to feel that their infirmities make too much difference to their lives."

IN an industrial area where the housewife has the Sunday dinner cooked at the bakehouse when she is at the factory, a bakehouse disappeared and the dinners with it.

Somebody suggested asking the Government for compensation for the lost meals.

"We'd rather give 'em the cost of next Sunday's dinner as well," they replied.

In one district I visited farm-hands extinguished seven blazing ricks while the raiders were still overhead.

So well did they work in another part that although thirty-three bombs of different types dropped in the cornfields, not a stook was ruined.

Fires started by sixty incendiary bombs that fell in a cornfield were put out before any material damage was done.

"If the lads were working to save their own homes they couldn't work harder," a farmer told me. "They have all got pals at sea. They know that food saved means sailors saved."

It is good to be known as a "man from London" in Britain's industrial North at the moment.

Their kindness to you is the nearest they can get to giving a hand-grip and a "Stick it, mate," to the wonderful people of the East End.

If they had their way the roads of Britain would be choked with civilians, but not in the way Hitler hopes.

They would be making for Britain's worst danger area—not away from it.

An hotel porter used these words to me.

I give them as typical of the people.

"Let's hope that they concentrate on us a bit more for a week or two," he said, "and give the East End a bit of a breather."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

LAST war veteran, George Wise, an Essex man, was delighted when he found work ten miles from his home only a few weeks ago. He had been without work for so long that he would have been delighted had the work been twenty miles away.

For a time he bicycled to work every day. Then his bicycle was destroyed in an air-raid. His route to work is not covered by a bus service, and, as he cannot afford to buy a bicycle, he has had to resign.

Because he "left his job without notice" he cannot even qualify for unemployment benefit. Please help him.

Donations should be earmarked "Bombed," and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny is devoted to the Fund.

OPEN LETTERS

World's Best Paid Liar; Air Raid Wisdom from the Courts; Soldiers Without Tin Hats; No Petrol, Vet. has to Use a Taxi-cab for Urgent Calls; Iron Lies Rusting in the Sea

Sir GERALD DODSON,
Recorder of London

DEAR SIR,—As an old sailor who served with the R.N.V.R. in the last war you can be expected to have breezy common-sense.

You certainly showed it when you turned down a request that an Old Bailey case should be interrupted on the grounds that the anti-aircraft guns were firing."

"We are all in the battle," you said, "and a battle means struggling and fighting, not quietly submitting and going down a funk-hole every time someone blows a whistle."

I know there are people who feel otherwise.

I have heard of one chicken-heart who, because he is a key man, makes a score of skilled engineers idle every time an air-raid siren sounds.

Not even the assurance of Mr. Churchill that the warbling note is an alert and not a danger signal stops him from "hareing" for safety every time he hears it.

In my view, the community has a right to expect that every man who can help in any way to secure victory should run a little reasonable risk at times.

Highly-trained roof spotters should reduce that risk to a minimum. There should be no insistence on a man carrying on at a moment when an enemy machine is within bombing distance.

Don't let us batten down the people whose proper job is up aloft, as you would probably have expressed it in your seafaring days.—JOHN BULL.

Doktor JOSEPH GOEBBELS,
Nazi Lie-monger No. 1

MY DEAR ANANIAS,—We all remember that warm September day at Nuremburg when, after telling the massed, hysterical Nazi hordes some of the biggest lies ever breathed o'er the ether, you waved that withered, knotted hand to stop their cheers, and cried, "Of course, this is only propaganda."

We all remember, too, that your final remark only made the Nazis cheer all the harder, and it gave us an idea of what we must expect from you if ever you were given free rein with your lies.

And you haven't disappointed us. You've made the lie-mongering efforts of your countrymen in the last war look as puny as a midget in a race of giants.

Your coarse yells have made all the other cheap-jacks to whom we have ever listened seem mere novices at the game; your stories of sunken warships, paralysed towns, terrified people and the like have made us realise that if ever your countrymen came to their senses and kicked you out, you'd easily make a living selling pills as long as you travelled in disguise!

Your lies amuse us; your psychology appals me. Because the B.B.C. said your bombers had dropped bombs at random over London, you had to make a fool of yourself by allowing a dim-wit announcer, blood-brother to Lord Haw-Haw, to tell the British peoples that the suburb of Random was among the places in outer London now demolished by your raiders.

It was a silly slip. If anybody had been inclined to believe your stories of Londoners scrambling for safety or taking cocaine to relieve the strain of living in a bombed city, he'd realise that the whole fabric of your news was a mere tapestry of lies after that.

Well, little man, as the world's best paid liar you must often regret that you never put your talents to work in Hollywood.

You'd have done well writing scenarios and staging myths, and they tell me that jobs there are as safe as the rock of ages compared with yours. Did Adolf give you a long-term contract?—JOHN BULL.

The COMMANDANT,
Voluntary Nursing Association

DEAR MADAM,—You'd have been surprised to hear my sardonic laughter at the local cinema the other night. People all around me seemed quite shocked that I should be amused to see an appeal for volunteer nurses flashed on the screen.

I laughed, not at the appeal, but at the idea of your asking for more nurses when I know that a woman who eagerly volunteered for service five months ago had received a curt acknowledgment of her application only that morning.

You can't be responsible for all the letters that are sent out by your organisation, but I must warn you of the dangers of allowing that jaded, muddle-headed Whitehall mentality to seep into your association.

Your way of doing business should be as snappy as some of your young women look. Take an old man's advice.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir ALAN BROOKE,
Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I knew you were a man after my own heart when they told me of your visit to a field hospital in France. You didn't like the look of the place, by all accounts. So you asked to see the officer in charge. But instead of ticking him off for the dirt and the disorder you asked him his name, and added, "It isn't Florence Nightingale, by any chance?"

I'd be glad if you would adopt that attitude with other men in your service. Too many young soldiers write to me complaining that after being in the Army for more than four months they are still without steel helmets, service respirators and other equipment. They can't feel happy about appearing in uniform with their gas masks in battered boxes, tied with string.

Many detachments of the Home Guard are still waiting for tin hats and other equipment. And you can't expect them to feel happy about going on duty these nights without any more protection than they get from a forage cap.

Say the word, General, and all these eager volunteers will feel that they are not being neglected. I leave it to you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—You deserve a kick where it hurts most.

Naturally you are worried by the appalling rush of Londoners to use Tube stations as air raid shelters. But was it not you who, not long ago, boasted you were glad you had not been "panicked" into providing deep shelters?

If you won't provide really safe shelters, people will live in the Tubes. Ordinary traffic will be held up; people will be injured in the crush.

At last, I am told, you are willing to "consider" the building of underground refuges. But some of your advisers argue against them because they would take months to build.

It was this attitude that, after a year of war, found Londoners less protected than they should be.

Anyhow, Swansea has decided that a hundred unemployed miners could dig—in a single day—a bomb-proof tunnel to hold a thousand people.

You could quickly build tunnels to hold hosts of people under Hampstead Heath and the central London parks.

Get on with them—or get out.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Secretary for Petroleum

DEAR SIR,—Imagine my surprise when my old friend the veterinary surgeon, calling to examine my ailing cat, arrived in a taxi-cab.

"I can't get the petrol for my own car," he said plaintively, "and I don't like bringing out my pony and trap when there is a threat of our being involved in an air raid. As I am an official vet. for Narpac, the animals' A.R.P., I have to keep some petrol for an emergency."

That's a mere introduction to the chaos that exists through your lop-sided rationing of petrol.

While the doctor has so much petrol he can drive back to his surgery, six miles away, to collect a forgotten instrument that isn't really necessary, many persons, whose life-blood contains as much petrol as anything else, are being starved to death.

You can't work miracles, but you can at least try to mend the ways of your officials. Let's be fair.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR HERBERT,—We're such old friends that I know you won't take exception to our turning again to the problem of salvage.

I know how difficult it is, even for a "go-getter" of your fine calibre, to make all the local authorities toe the line. They just don't seem to have it in them to realise the importance of scrap.

But you must admit that it is rather disheartening for people, doing their best to help you, to find that officials just don't seem to care.

Several persons have written to me about valuable iron lying rusting in the sea at West Worthing, in Sussex. To the official eye, this metal is only part of the dismantled pleasure pier. To the men and women who are eager to save every scrap of material to help the war effort, this scrap is worth its weight in gold.

A word from you would encourage the humble and make the municipality realise its responsibility. Anyway, try it, if you don't mind.—JOHN BULL.

WHEN THINGS ARE AT THEIR WORST

WHEN things are really at their worst then we are at our best, for when we're up against Life and have cause to be depressed, we one and all discover that this is our Chance Sublime, and the deeper our Dilemma the higher up we climb.

IT'S an inborn exhilaration that fills us when we know, that Death and Destruction are at hand as doggedly we go—to face their strange dimensions, regardless of the cost, convinced that shirking would but mean the Greater Prize be lost.

WHEN the rungs fall from Life's Ladder, when we lose at every turn, when Fortune smiles upon our foes we can't be made to learn; that giving in might save us from immeasurable strain, for we're made of the stuff that must go on, AND THEN GO ON AGAIN.

AND so we end by WINNING, and it will always be the same, because we all are willing for God to Write His Name; across the earth with our own blood so that Right shall Live. UNCONQUERABLE ARE A PEOPLE WHO HAVE SO MUCH TO GIVE.

AND so through this Dark Valley of sacrifice and pain, we lift our eyes up to the hills and see above Life's strain, a Better World To-morrow, a World Renewed and Freed. So we Dedicate our Task to God AND KNOW WE WILL SUCCEED.

J. M.

PROTECT THE WORKERS!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

HUNDREDS of thousands of factory workers, particularly those engaged on munition work or in other dangerous occupations, are protesting against the shortage of A.R.P. shelters.

In the last few weeks I have compiled a large file of complaints, and it is obvious that something must be done quickly to prevent this negligence becoming a widespread scandal.

I would make it a criminal offence for any employer not to have a safe shelter for his workpeople.

Inadequate Shelter

Let me quote from some of the letters I have received:—

"At the beginning of hostilities, my firm was compelled to build a shelter," says a North London reader. "At that time there were nearly 300 of us making uniforms.

"Half of the canteen was converted into a shelter. But it was much too small to accommodate the staff.

"Now there are more than 800 workers and only a quarter of them can possibly squeeze into this converted canteen.

"Some men, hating the overcrowding, took refuge in a safer place some distance away.

"They were the only ones who had deductions made from their wages for the time they were away.

"Imagine their annoyance when they found, at the end of the week, that they must pay for the time they had spent in taking cover. And they were reprimanded for going so far away!

"Other men took refuge in a side street near the factory, and had to work off the time they were not at work."

Wages Deducted

"My firm does not like the idea of workers going down to shelters during air raids," says a reader who works in a Kent leather factory.

"Those who stop work will have their money deducted in proportion to the number of hours affected and the time they are absent from their benches.

"Yesterday, fully 20 per cent. of the staff, hard-working men who cannot afford to lose the money, stayed on working while the rest took shelter. Yet the managers were the first to go down. They lose nothing. So far this week I am at least one day's pay short."

A Nottingham reader adds:—

"This pernicious system won't encourage workers to give of their best. Workers in essential factories are as important to the war effort as the men of the Services, and should be shown every consideration. Without their co-operation and self-sacrifice we should jeopardise our chances of final victory. Why doesn't the Government act?"

Hide Among Trees

Women working at a factory in a Kentish town have to go into a field during an air raid to take cover under trees! They have no properly constructed shelter.

In South London there is a firm working day and night on munitions. When there is a raid the workers have to travel nearly a quarter of a mile to the nearest public shelter.

Sanitary arrangements there are so elementary that men and women have to use the same premises.

When a factory on an estate in Bedfordshire was bombed a few days ago, there were many casualties.

Yet there is no public shelter anywhere near, and the thousand women and children living in the vicinity have to take cover under staircases.

A large school in Essex has no protection at all for its children.

"The windows of the school have no protection at all," complains a reader.

"There have been twenty-one raids on this district and bombs have fallen as near as a few streets away. Yet children are not protected, but the rates are high."

Mr. D. R. Wilson, H.M. Inspector of Factories, whose department should see that factory workers are given more protection

School Shelter Closed

From Manchester comes another story:—

"It is improper," writes a reader, "that the school air raid shelters here should be closed at 4 p.m.

"There is a fine shelter at a school near me," he continues. "Why not use it during the night, under the supervision of an air raid warden?"

Many people have been killed and buildings shattered on a housing estate in Liverpool where there are hundreds of poor homes.

Yet there are not more than half a dozen shelters on the whole estate.

In one long road the only "shelter" is an hotel cellar, a large damp, rambling place, wet and miserable, with no heating, and with narrow, broken steps leading down to it.

Council's Regret

When approached by angry ratepayers the local council regretted that it had been unable to get delivery of galvanised sheets and other essentials.

"I did hear last night," adds my informant, "that they are at last thinking of doing something. I suppose they will when we are all blown to blazes."

Complaints roll in from all parts of the country, all telling stories that are so similar that they become monotonous.

The Government must make local authorities understand that this problem is of vital concern to all.

JOHN BULL thinks that adequate air raid shelters should be provided for all sections of the community. He thinks, too, that wages should not be deducted from workers who take cover during the periods of immediate danger. But he is being driven to the conclusion that if Hitler is to be defeated in the Battle of Britain the life of the community must go on, and that people who choose to take cover during the alert period can hardly expect to be paid for that wasted time.

Take This Warning

FAR too many of the so-called "Comforts Funds" now reaping a grand harvest are dishonest.

Shady promoters do not have to ask official permission to collect as long as they do not go from door to door.

And there is plenty of proof that crooks are making a fine thing out of the public's desire to provide the Services with comforts.

I have been told of a woman who collected £30 in a week in small sums, and such articles of clothing as socks, mufflers and gloves. Police enquiries have been made about her, yet she carries on with impunity.

* * *

GOOD-HEARTED housewives should be on their guard against the military impostors about whom the police are now receiving scores of complaints.

One poses as an officer, saying he has lost all his possessions in an air raid at Portsmouth; another carries his arm in a sling, saying he was wounded in France; a third tells a colourful story about shooting down enemy aircraft in Germany; a fourth actually pretends that he is an Army deserter, afraid to return to his unit.

Giving an engagement ring to a deluded woman, another rogue, passing himself off as an important operative in the Military Secret Service, arranged the wedding day, then vanished, taking his "bride's" money and jewellery.

* * *

AN unusually large number of "quacks" are now touring the country.

Occupying temporary rooms in busy thoroughfares, they advertise "consultations" in a way that suggests that they are on flying visits from their London headquarters.

Before the outbreak of war, a Bill was being prepared to make it a criminal offence for unqualified men to treat either eyesight or physical ailments, but nothing further has been done in the last twelve months.

That is all the more reason why people should disregard advertisements issued by these charlatans—no matter how alluring.

Wicked Pensions Scandal

PENSION delays are now among the many problems that the Government must tackle with the greatest possible speed.

With nearly every post I receive further evidence of injustice inflicted on ordinary people because the wheels of authority grind so slowly.

I was deeply troubled by the hardships faced by one soldier's family because he cannot persuade the authorities to grant him the pension that he deserves.

A Burnley man who volunteered at the outbreak of war, he went to France with the Royal Engineers.

He fell ill, and after many months in hospital was returned to his wife and four young children a physical wreck.

Medical authorities agree that the disease from which he is suffering is attributable to Army service.

* * *

"Ceasing to fulfil Army physical requirements," is the official reason for his discharge.

He will receive a pension in due course, but the long delay in granting it is tragic to him and his family.

This Burnley man is no exception.

Pensions for totally disabled fighting men are now in some instances smaller than those granted after the last war.

The British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association is fighting this injustice most vigorously.

"In spite of recent improvements in certain war pensions," the secretary told a JOHN BULL man, "a totally disabled soldier, sailor or airman with a wife and three children will receive 10s. 9d. a week less under the 1940 warrant than his father might have received under the 1919 warrant.

"A widow," he added, "with three children will receive 7s. 11d. a week less than her mother might have received in 1919, and the conditions of awards and pensions for parents also compare unfavourably with those of the last war."

A totally disabled private gets an increase of 1s. 8d. over the 1919 rate, but he is worse off, taking the higher cost of living into consideration.

* * *

A mother lost her only son when his ship was torpedoed.

She was refused a pension because her husband is alive; that he is unemployed makes no difference, even though the son provided liberally towards their support.

The mothers of many men who lost their lives in *Royal Oak* and *Courageous* applied in vain for pensions. Some received only curt printed notices saying: *"It is regretted that a grant of pension is not admissible."*

While I appreciate the difficulties with which the Government Departments concerned are faced, I think it is not unreasonable to urge that some speedier action should be taken in granting pensions.

That is why I am pleased that several Members of Parliament are to raise the business in the House of Commons in the near future.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

MR. W. J. CHATTERTON, St. Peter's Street, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent, has been awarded this week's Public Benefactor guinea for valuable information supplied to me.

Write to me about anything that you feel calls for enquiry.

GILT-EDGED GANGSTERS

Greatest unpunished criminals in the world to-day are the gilt-edged gangsters who financed Hitler's rise to power. They must never be allowed to dodge responsibility for their attempt to assassinate civilisation

TWENTY-ONE criminal millionaires must eventually be indicted for paving the way for Hitler. From the beginning their funds furthered the rise of the Nazi Party.

They include such unscrupulous scoundrels as Albert Vogler, steel bully of the Rhine; his brother, Eugen, shipping magnate and co-member of the Steel Trust Board; Friedrich Flick, shipping multi-millionaire.

Such betrayers as Hugo Stinnes and Carl von Siemens, Krupp von Bohlen and Kurt von Schroeder, Carl Bosch and Peter Klöckner.

Twenty years ago they allocated £25,000,000 to the Anti-Bolshevik League, which subsequently became the Nazi People's Party.

Filled Coffers

Inflation speculation, Government subsidies and payment for Reparations supplies subsequently filled their coffers.

Hugo Stinnes, shipping, mining and cellulose magnate, definitely poured money into the Nazi Treasury. He financed the conversion of the Nazi weekly newspaper, *Völkische Beobachter*, into a daily in 1925.

Kirdorf, head of the great German steel trust, rivalling Rockefeller in wealth, attended a Nazi conference in 1927, subsequently joined the party.

When Hitler and Von Papen joined forces in January, 1933, crushing the Opposition, it was in the house of Kurt von Schroeder that they met.

The original Nazi Party programme of 1920 promised to seise all war profits, nationalise the trusts, turn over the big department stores to small tradesmen, enable working people to share the profits of the big industrial concerns.

Gift to Goering

Instead, Nazi persecution of Jews and Czechs rid the Trust Millionaires of their close competitors.

The destruction of the trade unions sheared the workers of protection from wage reductions by being marshalled into "industrial groups" and "chambers of industry." Small firms were hopelessly outclassed, or put out of business under the pretence of rationalisation.

State undertakings were placed under Trust control.

Five thousand small business concerns were squeezed out of business in a year.

When Goering arranged for the Bavarian Motor Works to have a Government loan of 50,000,000 marks, he received as a personal gift from two Steel Trust Directors a block of shares worth 12,000,000 marks.

Every Nazi foreign trade push profited the millionaires on top.

Every Nazi invasion was staged to their profit. All the way along, the trusted magnates grew richer on the profits in building the Nazi war machine.

Watch the Stinnes family taking over directorships, after annexation of Austria, from dismissed Jews. See Otto Wolff securing shares in great Austrian engineering works from the Hungarian owners.

See I. G. Farben, after the rape of Czecho-Slovakia, taking over the great chemical works of the conquered territory.

Conquered Factories

See mines and potash and ores being acquired; watch the incoming stream of German goods (produced under the trusts) as factories in conquered territories are forced to close down.

See how the Deutsche and Dresdner Banks took over a hundred and forty-three Sudetenland branches of the Czech banking concerns.

The same plunder is being gained to-day in France.

The great French rivals of German industry are crippled and ruined, shares are being bought on the Bourse with cheap money.

There is worse robbery still behind the scenes.

During the last war Germany's vulture millionaires sold German war materials to the Allies through Holland, and German-controlled workshops were established in Swiss valleys when France asked for more rolled Swiss steel.

Must Not Escape

Even in the great inflation period, when millions of German marks could not buy a box of matches, Hugo Stinnes bought nearly seventeen hundred companies.

When this war ends these German magnates will doubtless do their best again to wriggle out of responsibility.

They must be prevented.

This time, Britain has them taped.

Night after night, R.A.F. bombers are smashing their factories.

The Ministry of Economic Warfare has sundered their stream of foreign trade.

The criminal millionaires of Europe are facing punishment.

They must be irretrievably crippled.

AIR RAID VICTIM'S GRATITUDE TO "JOHN BULL"

The practical value of our Free Air Raid Insurance is well illustrated by the following letter:—

> I did not expect such great benefit, and in thanking you for same should like to say how much it will help in bringing up my five sons, whom I am left to provide for.

The above was written by an East Anglian widow in acknowledging a cheque for £100 paid under our Free Air Raid Insurance following the death of her husband.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

Registration Forms may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL before May this year, or if you will put a postcard in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.), addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

Symbolic of the weapons defending Britain against the terror of night raiders, this efficient 3.7 anti-aircraft gun rears its snout against the darkening sky, its crew ready for anything.

Everybody is Guessing Bangs!

LONDON has become a City of human sound detectors.

There are all kinds of guesses about the guns that meet Goering's murder raiders with their fierce barrage

"That's a 4.5 gun," says the shelter wiseacre as a deep-throated roar makes the brickwork tremble.

"I'll bet they're using French 75's over the hill there," exclaims a veteran of the last war as a report, totally unlike anything heard before, cracks across the skies.

* * *

An artilleryman can tell the difference between an A.A. gun and a field gun, a pom-pom and a Bofors A.A. gun.

The gun which makes a noise like a very heavy machine-gun—a rat-tat-tat—is in all probability the famous Swedish Bofors.

The Bofors fires a 40-m.m. two-pounder shell with great frequency. Lightness of the missile is alone a guarantee of rapid fire.

The gun is primarily intended for dealing with dive bombers and low-flying aircraft. When you hear it in action it means as a rule that hostile aircraft are coming in at below their usual height.

* * *

The pom-pom gun, also used against low-flying aircraft, has a note similar to that of the Bofors, but generally it is pitched on a higher tone. Rapidity of fire is due to the multiple barrels, and a "pom-pom-pom" is a fairly accurate description of the sound the gun makes.

It is a sound much more familiar to inhabitants of ports where destroyers and other naval vessels are stationed than to dwellers inland.

Most common of all noises during the A.A. barrage is the sharp bark of the 3.7 gun.

The 3.7 gun, like an elongated 18-pounder, is Britain's most effective mobile A.A. gun.

So you may find its bark and the 30-feet mass of flame which leaps from its barrel when fired a source of comfort.

The bigger the gun the less rapid the rate of fire—this is an artillery maxim—but Britain's 4.5 A.A. gun, although of larger calibre than the 3.7, is little behind it in this respect.

A 4.5 is not a mobile gun, and it makes a report altogether deeper and heavier than the 3.7.

If the angry yap of a terrier is like the report of the 3.7 heard from a distance, the report of the 4.5 may be likened to the bark of an Alsatian.

Generally speaking, short and sharp reports denote the A.A. gun proper in action. It always seems in a hurry and, being a high-velocity gun aiming at a swiftly moving target, there is no time for dawdling.

* * *

The heavier guns adapted to A.A. work, on the other hand, sound more deliberate. They mean business but are not going to be unduly hurried.

But now all this has been said, there are still times when even experienced artillerymen cannot tell the gun behind the bang.

So much depends on the distance of the gun from the listener, atmospheric conditions, the position of intervening buildings, and so on.

When the distance is too great, it is even impossible to tell the explosion of a big gun from the explosion of a bomb.

It is, though, a fair guess that nine-tenths of the noise made during an air attack is caused by the Bofors, 3.7's and 4.5's.

SHE'S BOSS OF THE "WRENS"

Even the dour chiefs of the Silent Service have found words with which to praise the bravery of the "Wrens," the efficient women who now help the Navy with its routine jobs.

By HANNEN SWAFFER

NO branches of our defence system have been so much criticised as the women's services — and rightly.

Started by people who were mostly snobs, "influence," "titles" and "position" were paths to promotion.

It was seriously argued that a woman used to bossing a village (because her father owned it, and not for reasons of brain) was more capable of managing others of her sex than a lower-middle-class woman trained in business!

A year elapsed before the War Minister promised to insist on "promotion by merit" in the Women's Territorial Service!

"Wren" Exception

There is always one great drawback. Few women can manage their own sex successfully. There are too many jealousies and hatreds.

Mrs. Laughton Mathews seems to be an exception. She runs the Women's Royal Naval Service at Charing Cross, not much more than fifty yards from my London flat, yet I had never heard of her until last week.

When Dame Katherine Furse was appointed Director of the "Wrens" in the last war, Mrs. Mathews (then Miss Vera Laughton), daughter of a sailor family, became her first officer.

After the war she travelled.

Now she is back in her old chief's place.

From an office as near Nelson's statue as it is possible to get, she controls the "Wrens" with such an utter disregard of publicity that, when asked about her the other day, the Press Officer at the Admiralty said blankly, "Who is she?"

There were no Press cuttings about her.

She wasn't in "Who's Who."

No Nonsense Here

Still, when hunted down, Mrs. Mathews was easy to interview.

There was no nonsense about her, no fuss; merely a cheeriness and obvious ability.

There were charts on her wall showing where the eight thousand "Wrens" could be found and what they were doing.

"Unfortunately, we cannot offer Wrens a life on the ocean wave," said Mrs. Mathews, "but they can get all the danger they want.

"They have found it at Dover, at Portsmouth—and at Scapa Flow. Many letters from naval chiefs testify to their courage.

"Glad they think so well of 'em," went on Mrs. Laughton Mathews as she took from her drawer letters describing the "Wrens'" behaviour under aerial bombardment.

Some were injured, others killed. The rest carried on.

Some of the women are transport drivers. Some of them hurtle through the streets on motor bicycles like dirt-track riders determined to reach the winning-post first.

Recently, a "Wren" despatch rider broke through the traffic lights.

A policeman stopped her, took out his note-book, and tried to remonstrate with her. So she knocked his helmet off, gave him one on the chin, and told him not to be a damned fool.

They are tough, these "Wrens."

Jobs They Do

I am glad their Chief does not approve of her girls knocking policemen about. It sounds to me too much like a Boat Race night, in the old days.

Anyway, instead of being sacked, this girl was removed from the Motor Transport Section.

She had misbehaved—but was too good to lose.

Among the "Wrens," there are radio operators, stewards and clerks.

They handle all the tremendous traffic on the Naval Telephone Exchange switchboard.

They distribute all naval signals between the ports and the Admiralty.

They do coding, tele-printing and ciphering.

The "Wrens" did a lot of chart-plotting during the Dunkirk operations. Never before had women been given the opportunity of taking such a direct part in naval operations.

Well, in charge of them all, Mrs. Laughton Mathews is obviously a damned good sort, understanding and sympathetic, but with no time for softness.

Tall, well-built, open-faced, and hearty, she can let out an occasional "Damn" in real quarter-deck style.

But normally she is unruffled, cool and kindly.

There is little red tape and no heel-clicking nonsense at her headquarters.

It is the centre of work that goes on, all round the coast, in nearly a hundred establishments.

Mrs. Mathews has visited them all.

Big Moves

IT is not easy to see beyond the hideous ruin and combustion that rages at home to the wider field of war.

But it is in that wider field no less than in the battle of Britain that the issue will be decided. For this reason the course of events in the Balkans is of the gravest moment.

It would be idle to pretend that those events are pleasant to contemplate.

Rumania, which is the pivotal State of the Balkans, has fallen like a ripe plum into the lap of Hitler and Mussolini.

King Carol has abdicated and is in exile. The new dictator, Antonescu, has formally linked the country up with the Axis powers, and for all practical purposes Hitler is as much master of Rumania as he is of Hungary.

He has now a through, unobstructed route to the Black Sea. He has possession of the oil wells in the development of which British and French capital has been invested.

He controls the Danube from its source to the Black Sea. He has dismembered the Balkan League and has left it a chaos of distracted States helplessy awaiting the fate which the issue of the war will bring them.

What that fate would be if Hitler should win the war they know only too well.

They would become, as Rumania has now become, and as all the smaller States of Central and Western Europe have become, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the German tyrant.

IF THAT FATE IS TO BE AVERTED, THE WARNING OF RUMANIA MUST BE HEEDED BY THEM AND BY US.

To a large extent, of course, the calamity that has befallen Rumania is a result of the betrayal and collapse of France.

But it is due also to King Carol's attempt to ward off the danger by sitting on the fence.

HE accepted our guarantee of support and that of Turkey and then began buying off the Axis with supplies of oil and wheat.

Finally, he renounced our guarantee and flung himself at the feet of Hitler, hoping that he would protect him against Russia on the one side and Hungary on the other.

And in the end Carol disappears and the mutilated fragment of Rumania (together with the oil wells) lies ground under the jack-boot of Germany.

The moral of all this should be clear to the remnant of the Balkan States.

If they sit on the fence they will suffer the same fate as that of Rumania. They will be gobbled up by Hitler and his jackal.

For us the turn of events in the Balkans is a no less imperative warning.

Hitler is virtually m... unobstructed route... the Danube, from ... of the oil wells; he ... of distracted States. ... Rumania, they will a...

A.

It is the prelude to vaster ambit... fulfilment of which is vital to ... victory in the war.

The possession of Rumania ... stantial aid to his plans. It g... a monopoly of the Rumanian oil ... Rumanian harvests, the contro... Danube and a frontage on th... Sea.

BUT it is not enough. He mus... all the Balkans and must u... as a stepping stone to Asia Mino... vast resources of oil at presen... possession there.

For we must never forget th... of a knock-out blow to this cou... the surrender of the British Fle... doomed to defeat unless he and... can command vastly greater su... oil than Rumania can give them.

THIS IS THE FACT THAT ... THE GATHERING STRUGGLE ... EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN ... EGYPT TO THE BALKAN PEN... SO MOMENTOUS.

Our prospects in that theat... war suffered a shattering blow ... collapse of France. It left Syr... fended and threw the whole b... the Eastern Mediterranean on o... our Army and our Air Force.

BUT THERE HAS BEEN ... STANTIAL RECOVERY FRO... BLOW. GERMANY, INTENT UP... DESTRUCTION OF THIS CO... HAS BEEN UNABLE TO THR... WEIGHT BEHIND ITALY, AN... ON THE SEA AND I.: THE AIR W... TAKEN THE MEASURE OF ... LINI.

Our Navy has been powerf... forced. So also has our Army.

The devastations by our F... Air Force on the supplies of th... army delayed the invasion of Eg... that formidable enterprise now ... gress will, it is expected, br... Egyptian army to our side.

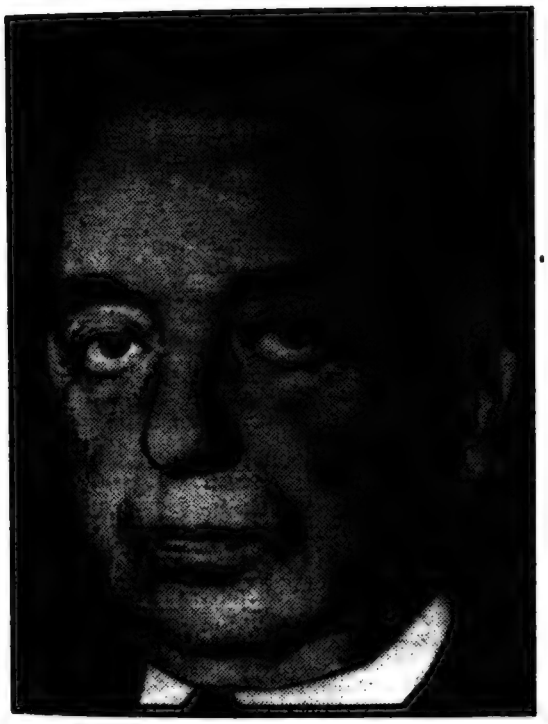
In Syria, French sentiment ... against the Vichy Governme... Arab feeling is fiercely hostile ... the Germans and the Italians.

Most important of all is th... fast attitude of Turkey. Alon... the States of the Balkan League ... has throughout pursued a fi... resolute line. Her sympathy ... democratic cause has survived

in the Balkans

ter of the Balkans. He has an to the Black Sea; he controls rt to finish. He has possession s left south-east Europe a chaos Unless they heed the warning of become his helpless vassals, says—

, GARDINER



Rumania's dictator Antonescu, left through King Carol's abdication to fulfil the orders of a Nazi boss who has already torn his country to sheds

cunning stratagems of Von Papen, and even the desertion of France.

She has declared her interest in the neutrality of Syria, which is her next-door neighbour, and in the event of the war touching her vital concerns there is no doubt on which side her forces would be engaged.

WITH the control of the Dardanelles she holds the key position in the Eastern Mediterranean, and in a military sense she is by far the most formidable power in that region.

Greece is less powerful, but the importance of her friendship is of vital consequence, for apart from her coast-line she controls the multitude of islands of the Ægean Sea, which are invaluable for the manœuvres of the Navy.

But the unknown quantity in this theatre of the war is Russia. If she came down definitely on one side or the other her influence might well be decisive.

Stalin, however, has no such intention if he can avoid it.

He dislikes both camps about equally, and is quite content to see Germany and Britain destroying each other and leaving him to pick up the stray bits of territory that he needs to fortify his position against the future.

He is the one great profiteer of the war, and if in the end it leaves an exhausted and defeated Germany it will relieve him of his fears of a neighbour who has designs on vast stretches of his own country.

But events may force his hand. He is conscious that as the war drains the life-blood of the combatants his power and authority increase, and in certain circumstances he would have to be reckoned with.

He cannot, for example, be indifferent to what is going on in the Balkans.

That region for a century has been the battleground of Russian and Austrian intrigue.

AND now that Stalin has resumed the role of Tsarist Imperialism he is not likely to witness unmoved Hitler's descent to the Black Sea and his undisguised threat to the Dardanelles.

The possession of those famous straits has been the dream of Russian despots from the days of Catherine the Great.

Their control by Turkey is galling enough, but with Germany in possession of them they would be padlocked against Russia for ever.

The first hint of trouble between the rival dictators has already been sounded.

Hitler's intimation that the control of the Danube belongs to him and his Balkan Quislings has drawn from Stalin the reminder that Russia, too, has an interest in the Danube.

To this Hitler's spoon-fed Press replies that the Balkans are the affair of the Axis and that other nations (including Russia) have plenty of territory to satisfy them without, as it were, poking their noses into other people's chicken runs.

Meanwhile, it is worth noting that the relations of Russia and Turkey, always friendly, have now become markedly so. That fact, too, will not be lost upon Germany.

That an open breach between Hitler and Stalin is imminent is unlikely. Stalin wants to keep out of the war and Hitler is desperately anxious that he should not become hostile.

BUT NOTHING CAN GET RID OF THE FACT THAT THEIR AMBITIONS CLASH IN THE BALKANS, AND THAT THE SHADOW OF STALIN LIES ATHWART HITLER'S VAST DESIGNS IN THE NEAR EAST.

That shadow may have a potent influence on the ourse of the war.

It is our plain policy to do nothing that will lift it, and everything to make our relations with Russia more cordial.

ARGUE IT OUT **By PALLAS**

Our Outpost Homes

FOR the first time since 1066, when William the Norman invaded our shores, Britain itself is the war front.

Civilians and fighting forces alike are in the battle. None of us can escape the task which the nation has undertaken; and, thank heaven, few seek to escape that duty.

In the first two weeks of September, eight civilians perished for every fighting man who died.

Homes of Britain are its outposts against terrorism; the hearts of Britons are the bulwark against failure.

In our common woes and tribulations, the great qualities of our people stand out as shining examples to a wondering world.

Adversity brings us all closer together—not only in our material lives but also in our mental and spiritual reactions to suffering and distress.

* * *

I heard the other night of a Polish girl who, caught in a raid, took refuge in a public shelter. She was uncertain of her reception, afraid that her foreign accent would make people hostile.

To her astonishment, she was given help and sympathy. One woman provided a blanket; another woman a pillow.

In the dreary small hours someone handed her a cup of tea.

When the "all clear" sounded and she stumbled into the crisp morning air, her first thought was not of being safe, but of the kindly way in which she had been treated.

You will find such scenes enacted every night in London shelters. You will find a quiet steadfastness, an occasional shaft of wit or humour, some singing—and, above all, a mutual sharing of troubles and difficulties.

Neighbours, who for years before the war exchanged brief and distant greetings, have become friends.

There is everywhere a desire to help, a realisation that in a war like this everyone is in the front line.

There are some die-hard snobs still.

I was told of a Society woman who, before entering a public shelter in an aristocratic square, demanded of a warden that the "**common people should be turned out.**"

* * *

It is scarcely credible that in times like these class-conscious snobs can still pursue the shadow of social prestige

In all parts of the country staff and employers shelter together at night. The maid has as much right to refuge as her mistress—and gets it.

The shelter, whether public or private, is the measure of our lives.

The bomber overhead is a great leveller. It is no respecter of property or persons.

More than that.

It links us all together in a spirit of resistance. It has done to this London of ours exactly the opposite which the Nazi leaders intended.

Their creed of spreading terrorism with the object of weakening our morale and shattering our nerves has proved false and stupid.

It has aroused in us a knowledge that in our common woes in our common difficulties, in our common anxieties lies the way to victory.

A nation united as we are to-day cannot fail in its purpose.

A nation which is one in endurance, in sympathy and in spiritual strength is the one thing the Nazis cannot destroy.

Keep together, work together, endure together.

The heart of the nation will not falter if we determine to do these things.

"JOHN BULL'S"
10-MINUTE STORY

Out Went Mr. Tapper

By WILL SCOTT

Especially did he hate the kind of scandal that was whispered as soon as a man's back was turned. Say what you've got to say to his face or not at all

IF there was one thing Mr. Wygg hated it was scandal. If you can't say a decent thing about your fellow-men, say nothing. That had always been Mr. Wygg's guiding principle.

Especially did he hate the kind of scandal that was whispered as soon as a man's back was turned. Say what you've got to say to his face or not at all. Not that Mr. Wygg would have dared do that had he felt like it.

Mr. Wygg was a meek man. Some said a shrimp of a man. Others said milk-and-water. And not always behind his back. Mr. Wygg often boiled. But he did not retaliate.

Mr. Wygg, holding the views he did, was boiling now as he sat in the lounge of Heather View and listened to the other guests Really At It. Most of them, anyway.

Their landlady was the subject and they were airing their views as hard as they could go. Certainly Miss Snype and Mrs. Prink, Mr. Leghorn and Mrs. Cusher. Mr. Tapper sat rather apart, saying little. Mr. Tapper mostly said little.

Sweet as sweet could be had they all been while the landlady was in the room. But once she was gone, once the door had closed upon her . . .

A sneak. A sanctimonious hypocrite. A spy! These and a dozen other things did the landlady suddenly become.

Mr. Wygg writhed. They grovelled to each other. They smirked and smiled and touched each other. It was "My *dear* Miss Snype" and "My *dear* Mrs. Prink." "As *dear* Mr. Leghorn so rightly says. . . ."

Just to watch them made Mr. Wygg almost ashamed to be a human being.

They tore the landlady to shreds and left the bits scattered about the universe.

"I am perfectly convinced, my *dear*," said Miss Snype, "that at this very moment that wicked woman is up in my room going through my private correspondence. I am so positive that I am going up now to see. And if she is, she will get a piece of my mind which she will never forget!"

AND out went Miss Snype.

The others looked at one another.

"I wouldn't like to be our landlady if she *does* fall foul of Miss Snype," said Mrs. Prink, after a pause.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Cusher. "Miss Snype is a very nice woman, but!"

"But!" echoed Mrs. Prink.

"Really?" said Mr. Leghorn. "I can't say I've noticed."

"You wouldn't," said Mrs. Cusher. "Miss Snype has very nice ways, and of course you, *dear* Mr. Leghorn, *wouldn't* notice. But when she accused the landlady of spying—well, I almost smiled."

"Really?" said Mr. Leghorn.

Mrs. Cusher lowered her voice.

"It's my belief she's Fifth Column!"

"I'm positive," agreed Mrs. Prink. "I've noticed many things."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Leghorn. "Of course, I never liked the woman. . ."

Mr. Wygg, listening to this uncharitable outburst, was furious. Why people could give themselves over to scandal in this disgusting way was beyond him. And saving it up always, too, until the victim was out of hearing. So sugary as long as she was there, but the moment she was gone, venom and nothing but.

LITTLE Mr. Wygg didn't know how they *could*.

"Fifth Column," repeated Mrs. Prink. "And if she wants us to believe that she's merely spying on the landlady now—well, it's more than I will believe. Tapping out a secret message somewhere, that's more like it. Such disloyalty!"

"She ought," said Mrs. Cusher, "to be watched."

"You have no need, my *dear*," said Mrs. Prink, "to tell me *that*. I know my duty. If I'm not patriotic I'm nothing. I'll watch her!"

She went to the door.

"And if she *is* Fifth Column, my dear, there's going to be trouble!"

And out went Mrs. Prink.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Leghorn, as soon as the door was closed. "I must say that Mrs. Prink *does* let her tongue wag."

"Always did!" snapped Mrs. Cusher. "She'll be getting herself into serious trouble one day."

Mr. Wygg almost blushed for them. Another victim! But not so that she could know. Only as soon as her back was turned.

It was, Mr. Wygg told himself, *abominable*. There was no other word for it.

Mr. Leghorn went on.

"And as for all her talk about loyalty and patriotism! I always say they are the ones you've got to watch the closest. I am pretty well convinced—in fact, I will go so far as to say I *know*—that she is a food-hoarder. That is sinking pretty low in times like these—*pretty low*."

"I never quite got to *know* Miss Prink, if you understand what I mean, dear Mr. Leghorn," said Mrs. Cusher. "There's always something *hidden*, don't you think?"

"You can't call her likeable," Mr. Leghorn nodded. "Now it would be very queer—though perhaps *not* so queer—if her loudly aired suspicions of Miss Snype's alleged Fifth Column activities were only a screen for her own."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Cusher.

"Keep us all looking at Miss Snype and *not* looking at her, if you see what I mean?"

"I see what you mean, dear Mr. Leghorn," said Mrs. Cusher. "Very subtle. I wouldn't put it past her, not for a minute."

"Food-hoarding in times like these doesn't exactly square with patriotism," said Mr. Leghorn.

"It certainly does not, dear Mr. Leghorn," said Mrs. Cusher.

"And when you *know*," Mr. Leghorn proceeded, "well, then, anything they say about their loyalty and their devotion to their country's 'cause you've got to take with a pinch of salt."

"Exactly, dear Mr. Leghorn, exactly," said Mrs. Cusher, nodding her head violently.

Mr. Leghorn looked at his watch.

"Hallo! Half-past."

"Late, Mr. Leghorn?"

"I am, rather. Must be getting along. See you all as usual to-night, I suppose."

"*If* the Germans don't come over before we've left the office," said Mrs. Cusher

Mr. Leghorn paused at the door.

"There's always that risk," he said. "Still . . ."

And out went Mr. Leghorn.

MR. WYGG knew what was coming. He simply *knew* it. He could feel it in his bones. He could have wagered a shilling on it—nay, five pounds—and known he would be at once the richer by that amount, whatever that amount might be.

As soon as the door closed on Mr. Leghorn Mr. Wygg knew it was coming.

And come it did!

Mrs. Cusher sniffed.

"Now, what did he mean by that?"

She glared at Mr. Wygg. And Mr. Wygg, in self-defence, glanced at Mr. Tapper.

"Of course," Mrs. Cusher went on, "Mr. Leghorn can be very pleasant. He's so very *smooth*, if you know what I mean. But you can't help noticing that one thing about him."

Again she glared at Mr. Wygg.

"Can you?" she insisted.

"Pardon?" said Mr. Wygg.

"I say you can't help noticing that one thing about him."

"Oh?" murmured Mr. Wygg, cataloguing her in his mind as being as poisonous as the rest of them.

Mrs. Cusher appeared to write Mr. Wygg off as a fool. She transferred her attention to Mr. Tapper.

"It is, I insist, most noticeable."

Mr. Tapper raised his eyebrows.

"Every time," said Mrs. Cusher, "*every time* anybody mentions the Germans Mr. Leghorn goes *quiet*."

"Too indignant for words, maybe," suggested Mr. Tapper.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Cusher. "*I wonder!*"

She sniffed again.

"And have you noticed, sometimes, that *thickness* in his voice? Ah! They can't hide it. Try as they will, they can't hide it."

"You can't mean ——?"

"He's German! I'm sure of it—*sure* of it! All his fine sentiments . . . But he can't put it past me. I'm no fool, my dear Mr. Tapper. No! I keep my eyes open, I do. And my ears. And if there's one thing I'm positive of it's that our Mr. Leghorn is a *German!* Sitting here with us like a free-born Briton, when he ought to be in an internment camp. I don't know how it's worked, I'm sure, but it's a scandal."

SOMEWHERE a telephone bell rang.

"That," said Mrs. Cusher, "will be my call. The time I've been kept waiting for it! But then I must expect inconvenience in my native land, I suppose," she added on her way to the door.

She turned and glared at them.

"*I've* got to put up with it. *I'm* not a disguised enemy!"

And out went Mrs. Cusher.

Mr. Tapper sprang to his feet. Again it was coming! He knew! Venom and spite and never a word of charity. Oh, yes, it was coming . . . .

And, of course, he was right.

"The tongue-wagging old pest!" cried Mr. Tapper. "Not that she's worse than the rest. They make me sick! Not an ounce of courage in the whole damned lot of 'em! Smooth as silk to your face, but as soon as your back's turned ——"

"I ——" began Mr. Wygg, amazed.

"Say what you've got to say to a man's face or leave it unsaid," went on Mr. Tapper. "Sly, sneaking scandalmongering! I loathe it and all who dabble in it!"

"I ——" began Mr. Wygg.

"'My *dear* Mr. This' and 'My *dear* Miss That'! And as soon—*as soon* as their backs are turned it starts!"

Mr. Tapper glared at Mr. Wygg.

"You too!" he barked.

"I ——" began Mr. Wygg.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Tapper; "since you'll be left alone your malicious tongue can't start on me. You won't be able to *say* it, like the rest of 'em." His glare became an enormous frown. "*But I know what you'll be thinking!* So this is for you!"

And he picked up Mr. Wygg by the nose and gave him a hearty shove across the back of the sofa.

Mr. Wygg fell into the wastepaper-basket at the side of the desk.

And out went Mr. Tapper.

R·A·F punches where it HURTS

WHY HITLER IS ANGRY : 3

This article is the last of a series showing the results of the R.A.F.'s systematic raids on Germany's essential communications and factories.

By HARRY GREGSON

LACKING the training in navigation necessary to bomb military objects with precision by night, and unable to overcome our fighter opposition by day, the Nazi mass-trained pilots fling their bombs indiscriminately on civilians, like a bruiser ducks his head and kicks and bites when cornered.

The R.A.F., with the coolness of the trained boxer, lands its blows only where they hurt.

Nazi oil refineries, oil tanks, coal-oil plants and communications suffered. Then the R.A.F. turned to the Nazi aircraft factories.

The list of raids on these factories shows how well their blows were planted.

To the Nazis, the air weapon is everything.

Nazi Germany a year ago was a giant aircraft factory.

There was hardly an industrial organisation in the Reich that was not working directly or indirectly to turn out 1,800 Nazi bombers and fighters a month.

The industrial backbone of the Nazi air weapon stretched from the flat, uninspiring plains of Wismar, on the Baltic, where Dornier "flying pencils" were made, to the heart of industrial Berlin, home of the Junkers works; from Berlin to the Bavarian hills, where Dr. Willy Messerschmitt produced his fighters; and from Bavaria to the blackened Ruhr, where steelworks drop-forged the components for assembly into Fieseler, Focke, Wulf, Heinkel and other warplanes.

TO the making of an aircraft, be it a Messerschmitt or a Junkers, there are many hundreds of common parts.

Propellers are often of a standard type.

Manufacturing pilots' seats, speedometers, landing-wheels, oil-pressure gauges, sparking-plugs and such like had been concentrated at certain factories under Goering's scheme for maximum national output of aircraft.

There are 4,000 parts in an aero-engine; 2,300 rivets go into the frame of the machine.

And the backbone of the whole of the production was to be found in such armaments industries of the Ruhr as Krupps of Essen, the Bochumer Verein, at Bochum, and the Salzgitter iron works in Brunswick.

Damage to any one of these factories means a delay in creating essential parts for three or four different types of aircraft.

The Deutschmetallwerke, which makes pressed metal parts for aircraft, has been bombed twice.

The Junkers factory, at Bernburg and at Dessau, three times.

The Focke Wulf factory at Bremen has received ten visits from the British aircraft.

The Dornier aircraft works, in spite of their distance from Britain, has been bombed four times.

Fieseler and Gotha aircraft works have each had three visits from waves of R.A.F. bombers.

It needs little imagination to picture the havoc that can be wrought in production by a raiding aircraft.

Whether the bomb falls in the assembly shop, where sorting out damaged and undamaged aircraft parts takes days, or whether it falls in one of the machine shops, where valuable machines are destroyed, production is disorganised.

This is particularly noticeable where Goering built his biggest factories, confident in Nazi invulnerability from the air.

The Brown Boveri sparking plug factory at Mannheim has not one wall left standing, according to neutral observers.

A fire started at the Dornier aircraft factories at Wismar was visible 50 miles away. Direct hits were scored on the main factory, causing heavy damage.

The Daimler-Benz works at Stuttgart, among the most important armament factories in Germany, was heavily bombed for an hour. The main group of buildings was torn by a series of heavy explosions, and soon fires were visible 60 miles away.

A SWEDISH seaman, describing an R.A.F. raid on a Nazi aircraft factory, said:

"The attack was a complete surprise. The bomber dropped a flare. Then came a true direct hit. The whole range of buildings flamed up and with it a large number of completed aircraft, which were ready to be put into service.

"For an hour and forty minutes the aircraft made continuous attacks and dropped well-aimed bombs. Of the factory, only a steel skeleton was left."

The official Nazi report described the British bombardment as "without object."

Swiss observers saw the Rheinfelden Aluminium Works on the German side of the Rhine smashed by the R.A.F.

British airmen undertook a 600-mile flight to do this. The high chimney stack crashed at the first salvo of bombs. The whole area was lit by a blaze before the attack finished.

These works supplied aluminium for the greater part of Nazi aircraft. They were colloquially known as "Goering's saucepan shop."

Factories at the Constance Zeppelin Works near by, which make aircraft engines, were also wrecked.

British airmen have attacked factories in the gabled town of Rothenburg, among the most important aircraft centres in Germany.

Sieburg, near Cologne, which has also been a target, has immense blast furnaces.

Seldom is a visit paid to Berlin without a few bombs being dropped on the Dessau works of Junkers, which specialise in dive-bombers and troop-carriers.

Krupps armaments works, munitions plants at Zweibruecken, factories in the Black Forest, blast furnaces at Merzig, the Bosch ignition plug factory, the Bayerische Motorenwerke (B.M.W. aero-engines) at Munich, and an aircraft factory at Leipzig are among other targets regularly visited by the R.A.F.

As the nights grow longer, the punch of the R.A.F. will be extended until Germany's whole industrial system is embraced by the visiting list of the British bombers.

Because of this systematic, scientific bombing of Nazi industries and communications the Nazis are trying to transfer a large part of their Ruhr industries to less exposed districts.

What they cannot transfer is the coal and iron to feed those industries.

The Ruhr, according to the Reich Office for Military-Economic Planning census of production, issued last year, accounted for one-half of the total industrial output of the Reich, and contained 57 per cent. of its heavy industry.

British authorities have every reason to believe that this production has been cut by one-third.

These raids have been accomplished with an insignificant loss to aircraft and trained crews.

The R.A.F. is dropping bombs on targets in Germany at the rate of 35,000 to 37,000 bombs a month, and this figure will be gradually increased.

The frenzy of Hitler's attacks on the civilian centres of this country is an admission of the lack of skill of his airmen in locating military targets—and of the harm we are doing his war industries.

Germany's oil, transport, munitions and aircraft industries are interdependent.

Without his vaunted air-weapon the Nazi State collapses.

That collapse is being relentlessly hastened by Britain's bomber squadrons.

HUMANIST, faced this week with the problems of the lovelorn, says don't read a sweetheart's diary unless you are prepared for shocks.

Paragon is a Deceiver

FALLING in love may be a simple process, but the complications that often follow would fill many a long book. Indeed, that is precisely what most books are filled with.

Love-tangles appear in my postbag every day of the year.

Here is one from a girl of twenty-five.

"Until the present week," she writes, "I have never had a moment's apprehension about my 'boy.' He has been just wonderful

"That he loves me, and me only, I have never doubted. It is apparent in every word and deed.

"He does not drink, smoke, or swear. He goes to church three times every Sunday; he tells the truth whatever the cost.'

But to cut the story, the girl accidentally discovered this young man's diary and (to quote her own words):

"I was tempted to see just what he had written about me on that particular day, thinking he wouldn't mind, but to my amazement I was not the only girl mentioned!"

Frequent Meetings

She then read through the whole diary, and found that the man had been meeting the other girl quite frequently

He observes how strangely he was drawn to her; how nice she looked; how he had helped her.

He met her every Sunday morning after church, and kept these meetings secret from the girl to whom he was engaged.

"The other girl is very much in love with him," continues the letter, "and she apparently encourages him, although I think she must know about me.

"I cannot believe anything wrong.

"My 'boy' is so 'different' and it does not take me long to judge a man's character. He is far from weak.

"He has told me from the beginning that no other girl interests him in the slightest, and he has led me to believe that he has had nothing to do with any one else since we met."

The girl wants to learn the truth about this mysterious rival.

Negative Virtues

I find myself wishing that the man had fewer negative virtues.

What is the point of being a non-smoker, teetotaller, and an assiduous churchgoer if he is not being straight?

It may be that "he tells the truth whatever the cost," but he does not object to keeping silent on occasion. This silence is a form of deception.

Meantime, remember the moral: Don't read private papers unless you are prepared to get a shock!

* * *

Another long letter comes from a man who has had a shock of a different kind.

When he was twenty-eight, a charming girl of twenty-one used to call at his office on business. He was instinctively drawn to her and ultimately fell in love with her; but he could not think of marriage, because of his financial position.

Later on things became easier, and he invited her friendship.

"And so we carried on," he writes, "meeting once a week. I loved her devoutly, and you can imagine my delight when she confessed to loving me as sincerely.

"When I asked her to marry me, she evaded a direct answer. I could not understand it, and I resolved to make her mine at all costs."

Already Married

Then the man heard that the girl was married, but had separated from her husband.

The girl's story is pathetic.

She had been driven into marriage at the age of sixteen with a man who proved to be a semi-lunatic.

He beat her, starved her, threatened her with a razor.

She left him after her first baby was born, but was intimidated into returning. She was desperately ill for a long time, and when her second child was born, she returned home a physical and nervous wreck.

She then resumed her parents' name and supported herself and her two children.

This terrible marriage explained everything.

There is a chance for her to get a divorce, but the man has misgivings.

I really don't see why he should.

When the girl started the friendship she did not bargain for what followed. Falling in love made her position impossible.

Only an innocent girl would have allowed herself to be caught in such a tangle. What she needs now is warm human sympathy to compensate for what she has suffered.

Guineas for Readers

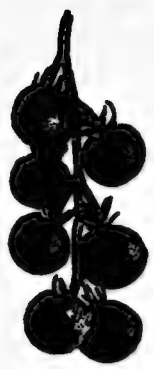
Every week, HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page without your name, of course.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No. 9

Remember to turn on the Wireless at 8.15 every morning.



"AN army marches on its stomach." In this war, where every kitchen is in the front line, we *all* march on our stomachs.

Today science offers to help us to victory on the kitchen front. Everyone knows that certain foods are needed for energy and for body-building. But do you realise that other foods (rich in vitamins and mineral salts) are essential for *protecting us from illness?* Below there is a list of these 'medicine' foods, which science calls the *protective* foods. Read on if you want to know what to eat for health.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or Margarine	Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Carrots
	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

TWO WAYS OF PRESERVING TOMATOES.

Tomato Puree. Wash the tomatoes and cut in quarters; heat in a covered saucepan until they are quite soft. A quarter-ounce of salt and a quarter-ounce of sugar to each two pounds of tomatoes may be added if desired. Rub the pulp through a sieve. Return it to the pan and reheat. Pour immediately into clean *hot* jars and seal either with mutton fat, or with three or four rounds of thin paper brushed with home-made paste and pressed down firmly one on top of the other over the neck of each jar.

Skinned whole Tomatoes in Brine. Blanch the tomatoes in boiling water for about half-a-minute; then put in cold water. Peel the tomatoes and pack in screw-band or clip-top jars. Cover with brine made from half an ounce of salt to one quart of water. A very little sugar (about a quarter of an ounce) may be added to the brine if desired. Sterilise in the same way as for bottled fruit, but raise the temperature to 190° F. in 1½ hours and maintain this temperature for 30 minutes.

SWEDES AND TURNIPS EN CASSEROLE.

Don't always eat your swedes and turnips with meat. They are excellent food and make a satisfying course by themselves. Peel 2 lbs. of swedes or turnips and cut them into fairly large pieces. Fry lightly and place them in a hot casserole with a well-fitting lid. Season well and just cover with stock. Put on the lid and cook in a moderate oven for about 1 hour, or until tender. Sprinkle the dish with chopped parsley before serving it.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

You've earned your leisure...
PARK DRIVE
for pleasure!
PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)
IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

End that INDIGESTION

Why suffer nagging, burning Stomach Pain day after day? End it once and for all with MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, the speediest and most successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and the proved safeguard against those dreaded complications, Gastritis, Ulcer and Operation. Like thousands of others, you can benefit, and here's the way to prove it! Get a 1/3 bottle. If it doesn't bring relief, return the empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. But, remember, MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine when the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/3, 2/-, 5/-
Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins 6d.

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Of Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

For FRAYED NERVES and NERVOUS HEADACHE

the safe and certain remedy is Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-

SINGLE 2d. DOSE

Does not affect the heart

FOOTLIGHTS FIGHTER

A. W. HELLIWELL, continuing his stories of "Giants of the Ring," introduces Pedlar Palmer, the dancing midget who started boxing in a music hall and ended up a champion

You could depend on getting your money's worth if you paid to see Pedlar Palmer in action, for he was a grand little sportsman.

TO and fro in the white glare of the footlights, as nimble as a pair of cats, they danced, hitting and feinting, weaving and bobbing with dazzling speed.

Every move and every blow was rehearsed.

They put on the same act twice each night, week after week, and even though the Palmer Brothers might not be "top of the bill," their midget boxing show was still a sound drawing card. Audiences loved it!

Tom, the brother with the dark, slickly brushed hair and the George Robey eyebrows, was the comic.

Every time a quip or prank produced a roar of laughter, he would turn towards the spectators with a cheeky grin and a wink that caused roars of laughter.

A born comedian was Tom Palmer, but nobody imagined he would adopt the profession he caricatured so successfully.

From ring to stage is now a recognised route for successful fighters.

No sooner do they achieve a pugilistic reputation than they blossom out as crooners or dancers.

Tom Palmer, better known as Pedlar Palmer, is the only champion I can remember who reversed the process.

Among the cleverest bantamweights ever seen on either side of the Atlantic, Palmer probably owed a good deal of his success to starting his boxing career on the variety boards.

He had not a punch worth bothering about.

I doubt whether he ever knocked out half a dozen men in his long career, but he brought from the stage to the ring such a dazzling collection of bewildering tricks that he swiftly became a sensation.

Nobody has ever been able to match the Pedlar's frothy, impudent style of scrapping. In action he was like a man stricken with St. Vitus' Dance, a bobbing marionette who was never still for two seconds together.

His dark head, his gloves, his feet, his body, were all in a state of perpetual motion from gong to gong. Where he stored the energy for his ceaseless pugilistic gymnastics in so slender a frame was a mystery, but he would still be fighting at the same whirlwind pace at the end of twenty rounds as in the opening minutes.

Much of it was gallery playing, and more than half the astonishing number of punches he launched were no more than mere cuffs and taps.

YET he remained one of the most baffling men to hit.

His quickness of eye, superb coordination of brain and muscle, and the rapidity with which he could move put him in a class of his own.

He could drop his hands to his sides and defend himself merely by swaying from his hips or flicking his head from side to side.

His love for the spectacular never deserted him.

Palmer delighted in making his opponent miss by a hairsbreadth, grinning impudently at his opponent's exasperation and winking at the spectators when they whistled in appreciation.

Then he would jump into action, smothering the other fellow in a hail of leather, swinging his fists so fast that it was impossible to count the blows.

A real "card" was the Pedlar, a typical Cockney, lighthearted, cheeky, as smilingly cocksure of himself out of the ring as he was inside the ropes. Nothing ever dampened his mercurial spirits.

Not even defeat dismayed him.

He had been fighting professionally for two years when he danced his way into the limelight in a fight with Walter Croot at the National Sporting Club.

Croot, then acknowledged the best bantam in the country, was a dull, unimaginative fighter. But he was so strong and such a terrific hitter that he could afford to ignore the finer points of his trade.

Palmer was considered to have no chance against him.

It seemed disgraceful to match such an inexperienced boy against a tough slugger.

BUT the perky ex-music hall star's confidence remained unshaken.

He stepped from his corner wearing the same impudent grin with which he had formerly amused theatre audiences

With complete disregard for Croot's formidable reputation, he dazzled everybody with an astonishing display of boxing.

Round and round he danced, comical, audacious and brilliant in turn, swaying this way, bobbing that, weaving strange patterns in the air with his gloves, winking and grinning all the time.

His brow knitted in bewilderment, Croot plodded methodically after him, vainly seeking an opening.

Never before had he encountered anything like this cheeky will-o'-the-wisp.

Whenever Croot shot over one of his bone-crushing punches, the Pedlar was always out of distance, smiling as though he were engaged in an exhibition match.

Even so, few among the spectators imagined Palmer would win.

He was creating a useful lead in points, but nobody expected that he could maintain such a pace for long.

He must crack. And then Croot's chance would come.

Palmer continued his capers.

Round after round he outwitted the stolid Croot, who could do nothing to counteract his flashy brilliance.

The Pedlar left the National Sporting Club that night with a passport to fame. He had already been christened the "Box of Tricks," and next day the sporting world was talking of the star that had appeared in the pugilistic firmament.

Speedily Palmer joined the most popular fighters in the country.

There was never a dull moment in the Pedlar's contests, and you could depend on getting your money's worth if you paid to see him in action.

His most brilliant performance was defeating that smashing Irish-American battamweight Dave Sullivan in a so-called world-title fight.

Sullivan came to this country after having belted his way through the ranks of all the best performers at his weight in the States. Although Palmer was by this time firmly established as a public favourite, it was thought that the rugged, hard-punching American would be too hot for him.

SULLIVAN was a hundred per cent. two-fisted, non-stop battler, accustomed to hammer his way to victory by sheer aggressiveness.

By tucking his square jaw firmly into his chest, he walked forward with both gloves whirling, and battered his way to the front rank.

But he had never encountered an opponent as elusive as Palmer.

Palmer was never in the same place for long, and he was never within range when Dave tried to hit him.

The American was fast, but Palmer was always a split second ahead of him.

Not that the little Englishman lacked his proper share of aggressiveness.

He did not stay entirely on the defensive.

Whenever he had Sullivan thoroughly dizzy with his tricks, he would pepper his head and ribs with a lightning-fast tattoo of lefts and rights.

As Sullivan tried to get to close quarters again Palmer would dance away.

For twenty rounds Palmer boxed rings round the American.

In the closing stages Sullivan went all out; but his savage rallies failed to stop the Pedlar.

The Londoner's incessant jabbing and hooking had left the other's face raw and bleeding, and Sullivan was many miles behind on points.

At the end he was exhausted by his efforts to land a decisive blow, while the Englishman, despite his antics, was as fresh as though he'd only been shadow-boxing.

That was characteristic of the Pedlar.

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Bicycle Death Ride

"HEADQUARTERS have ordered a withdrawal, sir," said the orderly to Captain Paul Hubert Dessain, of the Green Howards. "They want to know whether your anti-tank guns can hold on for two hours to cover the infantry?"

"Two hours?" queried Dessain. "I guess so!

"We've been hanging on for so long now that I don't suppose another couple of hours will make much difference!"

Dessain was in command of an anti-tank company in the Norwegian campaign.

A constant stream of murderously accurate fire from three of his gun detachments in the front line had been checking the enemy's advance along the entire sector. And the Germans were out "to get" his guns.

* * *

They attacked them with every weapon they possessed, but, even though the guns had held on, Dessain's telephone lines had been shot away.

His only line of communication with his front detachments was along a winding road constantly battered by artillery and machine-gun fire

Unwilling to risk another man's life, Captain Dessain had travelled that road several times during the day with orders for his guns.

By crawling along on his stomach, alternating his progress on bended knees, with sudden mad dashes across the open spaces, he had managed to make his way to and from the front line.

And he made the trip again, but stayed with the guns only long enough to say, "Hang on for two hours and then beat it any way you can!"

Dessain earned several decorations that day, but his last mad dash brought him the Military Cross for "his extreme courage and daring."

A few minutes before the time-limit expired the orderly brought him another message.

"There has been a hitch," came the curt order. "Your guns are to hold on until the withdrawal is complete."

* * *

It meant another dash along the shell-torn road.

There would be no time for crawling.

No time to take advantage of even the slightest bit of cover. Yet his only means of transport was a woman's rusty bicycle.

Head bent over the handlebars, he made a dash for it.

Immediately, he became a target for German gunners firing over open sights.

Machine-gun bullets buzzed past his head; high explosive shells tore into the road, hurling fragments at his face. Shrapnel spattered around him.

His rear tyre went flat, punctured by a machine-gun bullet, but he paid no heed.

* * *

Dessain's gun-teams, watching his mad ride, cheered lustily as he scrambled off the bicycle and rolled behind some cover near the guns.

The guns went on firing until the infantry was safe in its new positions.

In the words of authority:—"*He saved the lives of hundreds of men by his gallant action!*"

INDIGESTION

Relieved Instantly!

'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell. For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous — instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (*Treble Size*). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

How does she

Keep so Slim and Lovely

SHE is "a perfect picture," all agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin, her radiant health and her lovely slender figure.

She keeps in tune, in perfect health, just as you can by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills keep her blood pure and her system free from unwanted fat. Her figure, complexion and happy disposition all pay tribute to this wise and simple precaution.

Every woman who wants to be healthily slim should follow her lead.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

At a party I was the only one not a member of a Gym Club. And yet I was told I had the most perfect figure. My friends could hardly credit I was once overweight, but I proved with photographs how nightly Bile Beans had rid me of excess fat and made me healthily slim."—Miss M. K. W. B., Harrow.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- and 6/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

For Kidneys, Bladder, Urination

MORE IODINE in YOUR BLOOD

How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

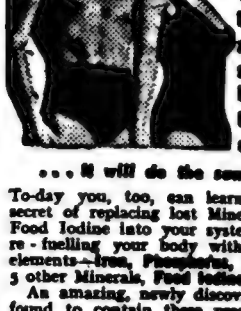
When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs —colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat, rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

Don't wait till germs get you. Act *now* and restore your bodily resistance to meet winter's threat. A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price, from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. K3), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

You too can have husky NEW STRENGTH & NEW FOUND ENERGY

Make this Test



Thousands of Weak, Rundown, Depressed Men and Women say "VIKELP" brought these Results where all else failed!

. . . It will do the same for YOU!

To-day you, too, can learn the secret. The secret of replacing lost Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine into your system. The secret of re-fuelling your body with those life-giving elements—**Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur**—5 other Minerals, **Food Iodine,** and **Vitamin B.**

An amazing, newly discovered sea plant was found to contain these precious substances in natural form. Now it is concentrated and comes to you as Vikelp—the food tonic. Start to re-fuel your body with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Replace those lost Minerals and Vitamins as you begin to feel low, jaded, depressed and listless. Note the unmistakable results. You build up — become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. New energy, new strength surges through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

FREE.

Send this coupon to-day for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.9, 125/134, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Get Rid Of PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, Zam-Buk Suppositories are now obtainable for internal use. Antiseptic, hygienic and easy to insert, Zam-Buk Suppositories can be depended upon to give the utmost benefit. Left in position at night, they melt at bodily heat and soothe and cure while you sleep.

With Solid

"I had piles so severely I used to work in the greatest discomfort. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought almost immediate relief and soon banished the trouble."
Mr. J. H. F., London.

Zam-Buk

Price 1/3 per box.

SHUN! untidiness

BRYLCREEM your hair

BRYLCREEM THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

IN THE HANDY ACTIVE SERVICE TUBE **1/-**

Also jars and bottles

Larger Bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

Council Perfumery Co. Ltd., N. Circular Rd., W. Twyford, N.W.10.

roydr719G.

Voice of the People

Mr. Cooper's Waste-Paper Ministry : Why the Guns Don't Bark : Should Prisoners Handle Time-Bombs? : Army Clerks also Serve : Cut Rates by Half : Raid Refugees Don't Want Charity—They Only Need Justice

ALTHOUGH the Ministry of Supply pleads for waste paper, the Ministry of Information intends to see that the clergy shall be able to obey the appeal.

It keeps sending us pamphlets, the latest "The Speech by the Prime Minister," which we have read already.

A printer says that the issue of this pamphlet alone would use eight tons of paper and 600,000 wire stitches, not including the large envelopes in which they were sent. Then there is the labour involved in addressing and transporting.—Rev. H. Tyrrell Green, Santon Downham, Suffolk.

Mr. Duff Cooper.

SOMETHING should be done to cleanse public libraries of pro-Nazi and pro-Fascist literature.

Taking out what appeared to be a travel book, I was disgusted to find the chief aim of the author was to boost Totalitarian creeds.

The librarian was surprised and assured me that the matter will be put right, but unless due care is taken, public libraries unconsciously may be doing Fifth Column work.—E. H., Whipton, South Devon.

So much does "John Bull" believe in freedom of opinion that we wouldn't weed out any of these pre-war propaganda books unless they weakened the national effort.

HOUSEHOLDERS here have been asked three times for details of available accommodation. One was for evacuees, next for Civil Servants, and now for billeting soldiers.

Let us have one census to last for the duration, and to be available to all departments of the national war effort.—G. M. C., Grange Road, Gloucester.

Official Answer: There has been a five-year movement of population in the last year, due to enlistments and evacuation. This month's details may be out of date next month.

WHY was a Nazi aircraft allowed to fly over the —— mountain the other night without a shell being fired?

It was not even challenged by a British fighter.

We might have been bombed in our beds.—C. O. R., from a village in Wales.

"John Bull" has had other letters such as this. It is sometimes German tactics to send lone raiders here and there to keep the defences busy while the dirty work is done elsewhere. It doesn't follow that it suits us best to fall into the trap.

TAKEN to my brother's farmhouse in Gloucestershire and given tea and food, a captured German produced a watch.

My sister-in-law discovered it was a fishing prize presented to her father, who was posted missing during the last war.

Further conversation showed it had been found on the battlefield by the German airman's father.—D. Perry, Springlea, Bath Road, Keynsham, near Bristol.

EXHORTATIONS as to how we should behave in Birmingham's air raid shelters—(as advertised in the local newspapers) is:—

"You must not smoke in a shelter. It is dangerous. If you really need one, go outside and come back later."—Mrs. E. Brown, Glyn Road, Birmingham.

On a really dark night, a lighted match can be seen one and a half miles high. It is to be hoped too many smokers don't strike matches at once outside Birmingham's shelters.

IN this north-country district wardens follow certain rules that are not laid down by Authority. Yet we find them useful.

When the siren goes, we blow our whistles as much as possible. We find it comforts aged people to know there is a warden about.

We keep a list of people with nervous dispositions and make a point of calling on them during a raid. We have a stock of words of cheer which we can rattle off in extemporary fashion on calling on them, and believe me it does a power of good.—P. A., North-East England.

NOT because of any request of mine, I find myself in the Army Pay Corps.

The treatment meted out to me by members of the general public is very different from that reserved for Navy, Air Force, infantry and artillery.

Many of my colleagues ache to fly an aeroplane or fire a gun. It isn't our fault that the chance doesn't come our way.—Lance-Corpl. J. P., Somewhere in England.

"John Bull" doesn't think many people make such invidious distinctions. They accept as the heroes and heroines of to-day everybody who does what the nation thinks them best fitted.

BECAUSE sweetshops are limited to 50 per cent. of their last year's purchases, why not a 50 per cent. decrease in rent? And rates?

The authorities say, "Talk it over with your landlord." As if all landlords were made of common-sense and sweetly-reasonable stuff!—M. S. L., Bournemouth.

FIFTY years ago I was apprenticed to the drapery trade. One of my morning jobs was to get the shutters down, not as happy a job as getting them up at night.

Then shutters became out-of-date.

Now, with the ever-present air danger, beginners in the trade again manipulate the shutters.

The wheel of Time has turned full circle.—C. Williams, Dundas Street, Hull.

VISITING the ruins of three cottages wrecked by a bomb, I was met by twenty children, each of whom shook under my nose a box labelled, "*For those made homeless by the Nazis.*"

That's why I appreciate your inspiriting plea that all air raid victims should be a national charge and not made to depend to the slightest degree on charity.—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

No doubt the motives of these children were quite good, but "John Bull" has heard of charity swindlers who have turned to this type of collection since the big raids began.

AFTER a bombing raid, we found a jagged lump of metal had forced its way through the dustbin.

On it was the figure 49—the number of my house.

My reason for telling you is that fatalists persist that "You won't be killed by a bomb or a bullet unless your number is on it."—S. Darby, Hartland Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MIGHT it be that animals have a strange sense of impending disaster?

A farmer near me found his cows refusing to enter a particular paddock one night.

In the early morning a bomb dropped there, leaving a crater twenty-five feet deep.—E. H. Hunt, Bloomfield Crescent, Bath, Somerset.

A Zoologist says: "Zoo wild-duck are said to be restive and raucous when enemy aircraft approach. Eclipses of the sun affect wild life. Domestic animals are often upset by such unnatural silence as you might get after an air raid alarm. But it would be far-fetched to suggest cows have a gift of prophecy."

REFUGEES from the bombed areas of London's East End, now share an empty house with four other families in a quiet village.

On the mat lay a note from a woman in the village, giving details of everything in her store cupboard, ending: **"Whatever part of it you require come and ask. It was for such emergencies as this that the Food Minister appealed to us to lay in supplies.**—Mrs. Forbes, Middlesex.

Motorist-residents of a Buckinghamshire village are driving their East-end guests into the country lanes on blackberrying expeditions. Other districts, please copy!

MY Anderson shelter is an open house. Regularly I accommodate eight adults and two children. And I would find room somehow if yet another neighbour wanted to enter.

But the next-door neighbour uses his to store wood and coal. Another man I know uses it for business storage purposes. A trader keeps his wooden boxes in his shelter.

Isn't it time the authorities insisted on these shelters being used for their proper purposes—or surrendered for use by people who really need them?—P. L., King's Park, Glasgow, S.W.

Tell the local authority if you see a State-supplied Anderson shelter misused like this. Insist on action. Bully them, if necessary. You'll be acting as a patriot.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"A reliable American eye-witness who HATCHED the demonstrators."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—"Our aircraft bombed the aerodrome, causing explosions on RUNAWAYS and landing grounds and setting hangars on fire."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The 'plane dropped three MOSS of light calibre."

SHEFFIELD STAR:—"An appeal is made for men's wear (CATS, trousers, boots and socks)."

SOUTHPORT VISITER:—"An anonymous DOOR had handed to the Fund a cheque for £50."

WREXHAM LEADER:—"Defendant was fined thirty shillings and PLAYED on probation for twelve months."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"At a technical college in a north-west city, where WINDS were blown out . . . ."

THE STAR:—"One friend of mine spent an hour WAKING up and down before he got a taxi."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"From these low-FLYING isles they cannot be seen until they are close in shore."

"HOT DOGS" FOR HITLER

EXPERTS with experience of the material and moral damage done by squadrons of Nazi dive bombers in Poland, the Low Countries and France, now assert that Britain's balloon barrage system has halved the damage that might have been done to London and other towns.

The system was originally designed to prevent raiders flying at levels that would inconvenience the anti-aircraft batteries which in their turn sent the raiders up to the sphere of British fighters.

But the barrage has not only defeated Nazi dive bombing, but has also exposed the shortcomings of Nazi bomb-aiming instruments above 2,000 feet.

When Spitfires and gunners took heavy toll of Nazi fighters sent out to destroy balloons on the South Coast, the barrage was nicknamed the "hot dogs" of the air. They had proved too hot for Hitler's *Luftwaffe*.

The success of the barrage system is shown by the eagerness with which Germany is turning out balloons.

But British bombers have experience, training and instruments to "pin point" their targets from any height and in any weather.

Britain has now extended the balloon defence system over the sea lanes.

"Portable" barrage balloons mounted on suitable sea-going craft are being used to cover Channel convoys within range of the Stuka squadrons.

Since these "hot dogs" have been served up in their new dressing, German communiqués have been much more modest in their claims of convoy sinkings.

THE LAST LAUGH

S. B. (Camborne).—"What do seagulls follow ships out to sea for?" Miles.

S. N (Ely).—"In what way does a mushroom differ most from a toadstool?" The way it is spelled

R. B (Rotherham).—"In my opinion, paying a bill is as good as a tonic." Yes, our doctor recommends it

MRS L. (Kensington).—"How can I stop my husband throwing cigarette ends all over the house?" By buying him cigars

L. B. (Twyford). — "Women should use toilet soap to stop ladders in their stockings." Or soft soap to get a new pair.

DORIS (Hampstead).—"I often feel like screaming when surrounded by a crowd of people eating and drinking." You should do well as a cabaret soprano

F. N (Milford).—"I wonder why some German prisoners have been found to be wearing boots at least one size too big for them?" Probably to make room for their hearts.

S B (Leominster).—"I succeeded in tearing the pack of cards into 104, and then 208 pieces with two straight tears." We've had some pretty rotten bridge partners, too

K. B. (Neath).—"Just because my husband found an unexploded shell in his cabbage patch, he refuses to do any more gardening." Trust a man to dig up some excuse or other

P. P. (Morden).—"My landlady did not seem to be at all grateful when I promised to send her something from my home in the country." She wanted you to pay her before you left?

S. B. (Essendine).—"Isn't there anything to stop all those untidy leaves falling in the autumn?" Yes, the ground.

D. N. (Daventry).—"I've found that skylights simply lead to damp walls and ceilings." Whereas we've always found that they lead to roofs.

S. M. (Leicester).—"I am sorry to admit that an uncle of mine spent the best part of his life in jail." Where did he spend the worst part?

M. G. (Shaftesbury).—"I'd like to throw Hitler and Co. to the dogs." Don't worry, brother. They're throwing themselves to the lion instead

D. B (Jarrow).—"Don't you like to stay in a house where everything has an old-world flavour about it?" Yes, provided eggs are not on the menu.

C. L. (Bath).—"You must have a passport to be able to get into this country." But German airmen will be warmly welcomed any time they care to drop in without one.

PILOT (Durham).—"I distinctly heard the bagpipes while flying over Scotland the other day." We have always feared that those sirens might lead to a misunderstanding.

C. Y. (Farncombe).—"Although my real hobby is bridge, I have taken up gardening and, for a start, I have to admit that my lettuces are not a success." Having no hearts?

F. W. (Cheshire). — "Local helpers have knitted enough socks to make a pile thirty feet high, and what do you think happened to them?" They toppled over, we should imagine.

V. V. (Exeter).—"I guess I make more people smile than any of our much-vaunted comedians." Photographer?

D J. (Chalfont).—"What would Pepys have written in his famous diary if he had been living in these times?" "And so to basement."

S B. (St. Albans).—"China needs a firm hand." Unfortunately, our maid is rather nervous when the siren sounds.

J. J. (Rochester).—"Can you suggest an apt song for Londoners during the present circumstances?" How about "Underneath the Arches"?

E. E (Brent).—"Buy your wife stockings at 2s. 6d. a pair and she suspects you of meanness." And if you buy them at 10s 6d. a pair she just suspects you.

G. M. (Yeovil).—"I have decided to become a fiction-writer. How can I best get a grounding in the essentials of the work?" Study the Nazi news bulletins.

HOUSEWIFE (Morden). — "We arrange all our salvage in piles for the dustmen. What more can we do to provide metal for armaments?" Give 'em the dustbin!

G. L. (Penarth). — "I have bought a second-hand typewriter but find that I make more mistakes than I get words right. What is the best way of avoiding this?" Hit the right keys.

T. M. (Falmouth).—"We have heard a lot about what Stalin will do, or won't do, or might do. What is the real position of Russia at the present stage of the war?" Still north-east of Europe as far as we know.

(Side-Slips : See page 17)

OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"So yer still don't quite believe in staircases, eh?"

'A VERY BAD HEAD'

QUICKLY & SAFELY RELIEVED BY

2 Tablets of Phensic

How I appreciate Phensic!" says Mrs. H.K. "I had a very bad head—so I took two tablets of Phensic. The effect was marvellous. Pain vanished as if by magic."

Phensic is just as quick—just as safe—for

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, COLDS AND CHILLS.

Both as a pain-reliever and a pick-me-up there is nothing to touch Phensic. If you have never tried Phensic DO SO NOW! It does not harm the heart.

Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

Phensic

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THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

There really isn't any need to grumble about the cost of tobacco while 1/3½ still buys an ounce of Afrikander. Try some to-day! You'll find that no other tobacco you ever smoked gives you the same satisfaction—the same unvarying goodness that Afrikander gives with every pipeful; and you can still buy an ounce for 1/3½.

1/3½ an oz.

MIXTURE
FLAKE
NAVY (Rubbed)
SHAG
HONEY DEW

AFRIKANDER

CIGARETTE SMOKERS SHOULD TRY **AFRIKANDER CIGARETTES**

Made from the finest 'Virginia' Tobacco grown within the Empire! 10 for 8d 20 for 1/4

QUICK!

He's hurt

★ In air raids and accidents any scratch, cut or abrasion may lead to dangerous infection. Iodine cleanses wounds and greatly reduces the risk of septic conditions. A bottle of Iodine costs only a few pence. It is the most efficient antiseptic known in war and peace.

Write for Free Emergency Chart.

IODINE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU, Stone House, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

SILF

Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust - 8 inches
Reduced Hips - 6 inches
Reduced Waist - 9 inches

Grateful Lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know that your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were:—Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT

—no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS.

'SILF' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down.

Guaranteed harmless. All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, or post free by sending the price to **THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 46B)** 30, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

(These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

ENTER NOW for CASH and PENSION PRIZES

BULLETS' 1st PRIZE £125 £20 £10

FIVE SHORTEST RUNNERS-UP 100½ 95½ 90½ 85½ 80½ 75½ 70½ 65½ 60½ 55½ 50½ 45½ 40½ 35½ 30½ 25½ 20½ 15½ 10½ 200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5½ EACH 200 MORE MERITS AWARDS

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30/- MONTHLY for LIFE PLUS £100

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£25 FOR THE NEAREST TO THE 2nd UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

ONE WEEK ONLY for these 'BULLETS' and X-WORD OFFERS!

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£125 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,237.

G. A. GREEN, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
Example: **Munitions Are Vital, So**
Bullet: **To Shells, Not Shelters!**

£20 Second Prize:
A. STEWART, 280a, Brixton Hill, S.W.
Example: **Hitler's Sunset**
Bullet: **By "John," The "Constable."**

£10 Third Prize:
Mrs. A. KNIGHT, 13, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton.
Example: **Battle In The Air**
Bullet: **These Specks, Britain's "Giants."**

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: A. Spark, 34, Cornwall Road, Bradford (P.C.).
Munitions Are Vital, So—See Lolleans "Rearms" Workers!

95s.: W. S. Watson, Southview, Wolsingham, Co. Durham.
Must Be Expected—From Hitlerism's "Beauties," Ugliness.

90s.: G. Wright, 10, Alderley Street, Macclesfield.
Money Buying *Real* Friends, Spitfires.

85s.: W. J. Pritchard, Taulon, Talybont, Bangor, N. Wales.
Free Men Unless Our "Prosecution" Fails.

80s.: W. Greenhill, 64, Hammond Street, Parr, St. Helens.
Battle In The Air—Wise *Civilian* "Turned Tail."

75s.: A. C. Hayes, 18, Penrhyn Avenue, Walthamstow, E. (P.C.).
Unexpectedly—Rat-tat-tat! Spitfire's "Delivering Packet."

70s.: N. J. Croop, "Brantwood," 44, Mountjoy Road, Huddersfield.
Doomed To Failure—Invasion—Assume It *Isn't*!

65s.: Mrs. D. Powell, 28, Ventnor Road, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.
Battle In The Air—Gives Britain Another "Dominion."

60s.: J. Greenough, 23, Hope Street, Leigh, Lancs.
Kick In The Pants—Whitehall Armchair Shouldn't Prevent.

3 Prizes of 40s.:
Mrs. E. Birkett, 102, Bradford Road, Otley, Yorks. (P.C.).
Hitler's Sunset—Probably Pinched From Louvre!
A. Dacre, 102, Colman Road, Norwich.
Fatser's Gas-mask—Removed—Spoilt Wedding Photograph!
S. E. Knowles, 70, Kenwood Gardens, Ilford, Essex.
He Put His Foot Down And—Four Rush-hour Travellers Swore!

Lists of winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided —fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, October 5.

Entry-fee at the rate of 5d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 17: entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

180 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 219.

The following two competitors share £200, each receiving £100 for set of most meritorious Answers seen in square on right.

C. C. LAWRENCE, 2, Hermitage Cottages, High Grove, East Grinstead.
J. G. HILNE, c/o Nightingale, 5, Charlotte Place, Perth.

The £25 Runners-up Award has been divided between 18 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 7s. 10d. and all cash winners receive Bezza of Electric Torch.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 160 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Peace or Peace. 5. Mag. 4. Rick. 6. Sell or Sill. 9. List. 10. Pat. 12. Bear or Wear. 15. Short. 16. Cog. Down—1. Place. 2. Shill. 3. Grant. 5. Lit. 6. Slave. 7. Line. 8. Forms. 11. Bits. 13. Rate. 14. Ban.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in squares above. Blank spaces indicate that at these points PEACE or PEACE, SELL or SILL and BEAR or WEAR were rewarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £125 FREE! If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Many look the same from whichever end you look at them
2. Gardener will get better yield from plants if he uses this
3. You can handle one better if you know the ropes
4. Golfer we'll naturally be very annoyed if he missed ball but hit this
10. Keeper we'll know just where to find this in his wood
11. Old people are apt to feel the need for one more often than others
12. Unless used to this, you might perhaps find it hard to work it
14. Impatience is naturally indicated by one
15. Poor student may have to struggle through many a hard one before passing exams

DOWN CLUES

1. A complaining one may be a worry to anxious man in time of emergency
2. Many people have theirs reinforced nowadays
5. Might just answer if you wanted to hide some little slip
6. Is apt to suffer if left in warm bath
7. It's rarely that good boss would give any of his men this
8. Is commonly an expert in his particular line
9. It doesn't worry average cyclist when cars get this
10. It would probably be a most impressive trick if conjurer produced these from audience
12. There's a lot of fish in big one

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these 'EXAMPLES'

WHEN BRITAIN STRIKES
THANKS TO OUR A.R.P.
ON WAR'S CHESS-BOARD
WORK MUST GO ON, SO
FRANCE
ON THE OFFENSIVE
SOMEBODY BLUNDERED AND
DISMAL FAILURE
MUST GO
HE'S TOO OLD TO FIGHT, BUT

COMING HOME
TO AUNTIE'S DISMAY
DOWN SWOOPED A SPITFIRE AND
GOING FULL BLAST
DAY OF RECKONING
WHY WE SHALL WIN
I'M GLAD TO SEE
ONLY THING TO DO
SHORT CUT TO VICTORY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Game of.....
Hole In The .....
In A Little .....
Between The.....
Call Of The.....
Waiting For .....

ENTRY FEE: Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1 for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—Stick them to this form and enclose with "Bullets" or Crosswords.

Example .....
BULLET .....
Example .....
BULLET .....
Example .....
BULLET .....
Example .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. 6d. for entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. value.... No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1261, Closing Postmark, SAT., OCT. 5.

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

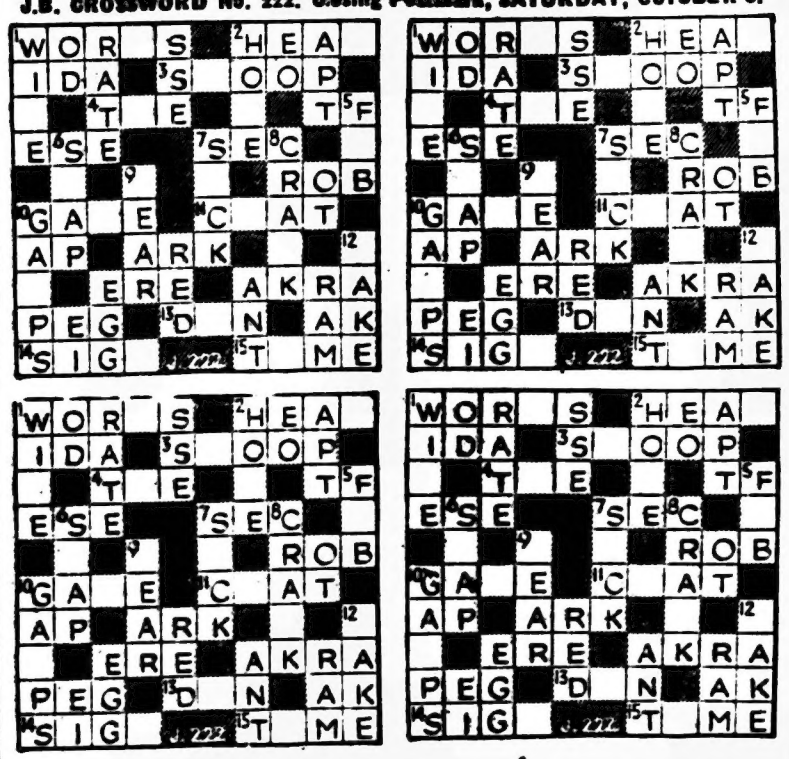
Remember to enclose your 'Bullets' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1261 or X-Word No. 222 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

J.B. CROSSWORD No. 222. Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5.



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P.O. value.... No.....

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GET YOUR 'GAZETTE'

To ensure your POST WEEK copy of Crossword results & "Bullets" Bulletin dated October 19, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME .....
ADDRESS.....
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Safe Way Found to Whiten Teeth Within 7 Days

Dental scientists have at last discovered a way for every man and woman to transform even dingiest teeth to dazzling, perfect brilliance. A way that is fast, that is safe, yet costs only a few pence.

This way is based on the simple discovery that the thing which causes stains and tarnish on teeth, the thing that brings on decay and gum troubles is *acid in the mouth*. So all you have to do is fight this acid with the fastest, safest antacid known to doctors and dentists . . . 'Milk of Magnesia.' Nothing whitens and polishes teeth like 'Milk of Magnesia' does, because it destroys and makes harmless the very acids that cause dingy teeth.

And now 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid has been put into a toothpaste, which is known as Phillips' Dental Magnesia and contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' All important, it is the *only* toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.'

So if you are afraid to smile because of dingy or stained teeth, try this amazing discovery. Try it because already it is the choice of highly paid beauty experts. Try it because it is the way famous film stars use to whiten teeth before they step in front of the camera. See the amazing thing it will do for your teeth, safely, in just 7 short days. Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 the tube.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

In 15 minutes you'll feel much better!

10 Drops of Phosferine will start the famous tonic action

The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence. Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic.

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
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Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Quick Relief from RHEUMATIC TWINGES

The fiery, piercing pain of Rheumatism is no respecter of times or seasons. It cripples you at unexpected, awkward moments. The agony when you try to bend, stoop or lift a limb makes the finest day a mockery.

Some Rheumatic sufferers go on like this year after year. Maybe they think there's no real relief. Perhaps they've tried so-called "remedies," and have vowed "never again!"

Fynnon Salt has stepped into first place as a remedy for Rheumatism because of its own remarkable records of relief from Rheumatic pain.

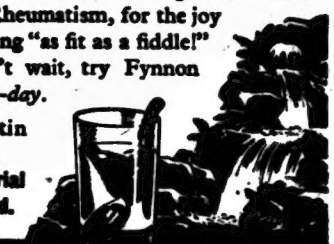
ENEMIES OF RHEUMATISM

Fynnon Salt is known widely as "The Spa Cure at Home." Why? Because it contains "Nature's Salts of the Earth" which wealthy sufferers seek at famous Spas. The elements of **sodium, potassium and lithium** combined in Fynnon Salt are Rheumatism's deadliest enemies. Uric Acid cannot stay in your system when Fynnon Salt courses healthfully through your body. The painful pointed uric acid crystals break up, dissolve, flow for ever away taking with them all the poisons that have caused them.

Only a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water daily—what a trifling effort for such glorious relief from Rheumatism, for the joy of feeling "as fit as a fiddle!"

Don't wait, try Fynnon Salt *to-day*.

Large tin 1/3.
New Trial Size 6d.



FYNNON SALT the Spa Cure at Home

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely healed my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*"
"'*Elasto*' *has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc.*"

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES!" '*ELASTO*' *is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO'★

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto,' *The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. No. 28910

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